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Charles F. Batchelder

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from her Brother Henry
Thanksgiving 1852.

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CHILDREN'S TRIALS;

OR,

THE LITTLE ROPE-DANCERS

AND

OTHER TALES.

TRANSLATED FROM

The German of Auguste Linden,

BY

Trauer Mantel.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.
NEW YORK:
EVANS & DICKERSON.
1855.

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Charles F. Batchelder

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Dedication.

I can see my Marianne's long lashes droop, and the color flush her cheek, when she finds her name in the beginning of this little book. But whose name could more fitly lead the lovely band of noble and faithful children, whose fortunes we are to follow through these pages, with their trials and their rewards?

May my Marianne be spared the trials, and her life be as sunny and blessed as could be wished even by her friend and cousin,

THE TRANSLATOR.

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FLODVARD AND ERMENA;

OR,

THE LITTLE ROPE-DANCERS.

It was a beautiful warm summer day. The birds sang merrily amid the beeches which grew in the neighborhood of a small city, and a gay setting did the green branches make for the red-tiled roofs of the houses.

A narrow, winding road led from the city gate down into the plain, and ended, finally, in a thick wood, whose high trees already threw long shadows, for it was late in the afternoon; the sun sank lower and lower, and gilded with its rays the western horizon.

Upon the path which led from the forest into the city, appeared a strange little band of people, who required no second glance to discover they were not natives of Germany, indeed, not of Europe, but that their home must be in some far-distant land.

A tall, strongly-built, but meagre-looking man, with dark skin, coal-black hair and beard, and of a most gloomy and forbidding aspect, walked be-

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side a little miserable wagon, covered with canvass, in which sat an elderly and a younger woman, whose appearance was not unlike his own; the wagon was drawn by a poor, half-blind, white pony, which from time to time neighed in the most doleful manner.

Upon the animal's back hung, loosely and in disorder, a scarlet woollen covering, bedizened with gold and silver paper, and on this primitive saddle sat a maiden about twelve years old, dressed in a red jacket embroidered with silver braid, and a bright blue skirt. Her great black eyes glanced joyously around, and her long, dark locks were braided with bright-colored ribbons. She held in her hand a little timbrel, which she sometimes noisily shook, so that the brazen bells rang out clearly, and she sung withal, in a strange tongue, a merry song.

They were gipsies, who had left their far-distant home in Egypt, and who strove, partly by their little arts, partly by begging, but also, alas, partly by theft, to win their livelihood.

Some twenty steps, perhaps, behind the wagon, walked two other children, a boy and a girl, tired and sad. The boy might number twelve years; he had blue eyes and light brown hair, as well as the little maiden, who seemed some two years younger; yet their dark skins showed they, too, were gipsies. Both were barefooted, and their

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dress was far less glittering than that of their mounted companion.

Ermena, for so was the little maiden called, wore a gray cotton frock, adorned with green worsted braid, with a worn-out green bodice, whose torn and flimsy sleeves failed to hide the child's thin arms.

Flodvard, her brother, was attired yet more pitifully; his red woollen jacket was so faded that it was almost yellow, his white trousers were curiously stitched with red curves and points, his bare feet showed hard swellings, while Ermena's were blistered and bleeding through over-use.

The children walked silently hand in hand, but the pain in Ermena's feet troubled her sorely. She began to cry softly, and one great tear after another ran down from her melancholy eyes.

"Shall I carry you, Ermena?" asked the brother, compassionately. "See, yonder in the distance are the houses; that must be the town where we are to stop and rest."

"Ah! there is no rest for us, Flodvard; we must dance again to-morrow, and go out upon the tight rope. Indeed, I cannot do it with my sore feet, and if I do not, Benno will beat me."

"No, no; he shall not!" said the brother, consolingly; "and when we are alone this evening, I will bring you cool leaves and fresh water, so

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that your feet will be quite well to-morrow. Come, let me carry you a little way."

Ermena refused, because she knew her poor brother was tired too, but he begged so hard that she finally yielded. He lifted up Ermena, who was very tiny and slender, and though he was but two years older, he carried her a little way, yet not without some difficulty.

The old gipsy, who was named Benno, turned suddenly round, and called out,

"What is all this about? Can't Ermena walk?"

"Her feet bleed, father Benno, and so I am carrying her a little," answered Fludvard, trembling.

"Put her down, or you will both tumble over. Show me your feet."

Ermena showed them. Benno seized her roughly, and said to the little horsewoman, "You have ridden many hours, Tarscha; let Ermena ride now, as far as the town."

"Indeed, I will not, father. I am not going through the gate on foot, like a beggar!" replied Tarscha, saucily.

The gipsy knit his bushy eyebrows, but said nothing; then he lifted the trembling Ermena, light as a bundle, from the ground, placed her

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upon the small space yet remaining unoccupied beside Tarscha, and said,

"The little thing can walk no further; but to-morrow she must dance upon the rope, so make room."

Tarscha did not move. Ermena hung painfully by her side, dreading to fall at every instant; finally, in her terror, she seized Tarscha's arm, when the latter called out, angrily,

"You hurt me; you kill me; let me go!"

"I am falling, Tarscha; O, hold me, only for an instant!" begged Ermena.

Tarscha shook herself impatiently. Ermena quitted her hold, and slid down at the same moment from the narrow space left her to sit upon.

Tarscha was not a wicked child, only of an impetuous, undisciplined, and somewhat rude nature. Quick as thought, she seized Ermena, raised her up, withdrew to one side, threw her arm, that was strong and powerful, around the frightened child, and continued quietly her interrupted song to its end.

Of the two women who talked and laughed in the wagon, one was the gipsy's mother, the other his wife, Tarscha being her child.

Flodvard and Ermena had never known their parents, but the old woman, whose name was Vanulla, had often told them how their father was

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Benno's cousin, and how he had died years ago in Spain. Only faintly could Flodvard remember their dwelling in Spain, which Ermena had entirely forgotten. Both were accustomed to a wandering life and hard usage. All the heaviest labor fell upon the brother and sister, although Ermena was uncommonly small and delicate, while Tarscha, healthy and strong, but lazy and untrained, received but few hard words, and almost no blows.

The little town was finally reached. Every one was busy and stirring, for it was the annual fair, and a number of booths, both large and small, surrounded a considerable square which adorned the centre of the place. Cries and rejoicings welcomed the rope-dancers on all sides; shouting boys threw stones at the lean, gray pony, which lifted up its poor stricken feet for an instant, then patiently trotted on again. An angry, black glance from the gipsy soon convinced the boys their game was somewhat dangerous; they ceased, and endeavored to amuse themselves with blustering and screaming. Tarscha rattled her timbrel loudly, but Ermena looked tremblingly up towards the high gable window of the town hall, whence she knew the rope would be stretched for her to dance on.

While she looked so sadly up, several gentlemen in uniforms were looking down from a win-

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dow, one of whom quickly wrapped a gold piece in a strip of paper and threw it at her feet.

Benno stooped to pick it up, then made a bow of thanks towards the window, and was about pocketing the present, when the lively voice of the young officer prevented him, with,

"Holloa, my friend; that was not my intention. The gold piece was meant for the little one in gray, upon the pony."

Benno bit his lips, but gave the money to Ermena, saying, between his teeth, "Do not dare to keep it, or —" Ermena shivered, and hid it, when the party rounded the corner of the market into a little inn.

A great lion, carved in reddish-yellow wood, watched over the door, and held a shield, whereon was written, in large letters, "The Roaring Lion." One certainly needed nothing further to recognize the so-named inn, than the said lion, with his mouth so terribly wide open, and his air so frightfully menacing, that all the women in the neighborhood used him as a bugbear for their children, and many a little fellow looked tremblingly and fearfully up to the wooden monster, wondering whether he really would, as mamma threatened, come down from his place and eat up naughty children.

The bustling gipsy women left the wagon. The elder hobbled on her crutch up to Ermena, and

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drew the gold piece from her pocket. When she had unwrapped the paper and found in it a bright thaler, she grinned friendlily, and muttered softly,

"Hm! hm! not so bad! The little thing, with her whining, moonshine face, is not yet so bad." Then she hobbled off.

After a time the gipsies again found themselves together in a small chamber.

"Give me something to eat!" cried Tarscha, entering with a glowing visage. She had unsaddled the pony herself, and put it in the stable, for Flodvard, to whom that task usually belonged, had gone with Benno to the market-place in order to select and prepare the spot for their exhibition. But they, too, in a few moments returned.

Tarscha's mother, who was called Brenta, produced a bag, took from it bread and cheese, gave a large slice all round except to Flodvard and Ermena, and said to the latter,

"There is none left for you, and we must earn some money to-morrow before we can buy any; go out into the town and beg something for yourselves."

Ermena looked sadly down upon her wounded feet, but repressing the light sigh that arose from her troubled breast, was silent.

Her brother was more courageous, and, though trembling, yet with tolerable firmness, said,

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"Give us a crust of bread, mother Brenta; we are so often driven away with hard words when we go begging!"

"Then steal something!" laughed Tarscha, who, with the rude, unfettered, and often treacherous character belonging to her people, held thieving, both small and great, as allowable.

"That I could not do," sobbed Ermena; "I am so much afraid."

"Because you are a coward, and good for nothing!" blustered Benno.

"But it is not right," said Flodvard, steadfastly, who, in spite of his bad education, neither could nor would stifle the promptings of the inner voice whispering of right and wrong.

"Who told you it was wrong, boy?" growled Benno.

"My — my —" conscience, wished he probably to answer; but Flodvard had grown up too wildly; too imperfect were his perceptions of these things. He knew not even how to name his feelings, and stammered out finally, much alarmed,

"Well, because they always beat us when they see us, for they all think we are going to steal bread and turnips, when we are not even thinking of it."

The gipsy women laughed loudly, especially Tarscha, who found Flodvard's speech so partic-

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ularly comical, that she generously threw him a piece of her bread, while Benno said, shortly and angrily,

"Be hungry, then, if that pleases you best!"

But the poor children felt that was not possible, for they had tasted nothing during the whole day; and, after a long pause, during which they still vainly hoped to receive something, Flodvard took his sister's hand and left the room with her. When without, he gave her the greater share of Tarscha's bread, and said,

"Never mind, dear; only sit yonder on that stone, and I will fetch you something."

"But do not steal!" begged the sister, anxiously.

"Perhaps, after all, it is not so wicked," sighed Flodvard; "the people are all so rich; can it harm them for me to carry off secretly a little morsel they will never miss?"

"Ah, but do not do it!" begged she more earnestly, "for if we should do it, I should feel very sad, much more so even than when I have danced badly upon the rope, and know that Benno is angry, and will say, 'Thou art a wicked, ugly child, and good for nothing!'"

"Yes, it is just so with me," answered the brother."

And thus felt the poor children who had been

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so ill-taught in all that related to virtue, but who yet divined, although faintly and dimly, the shoals and dangers from which the warning voice in their innermost souls would recall them.

"Come, sit down upon this stone, Ermena, and wait till I return, when I will certainly bring you something."

"But you must not steal, Flodvard!"

"No, certainly not; only be quiet!"

The brother left her; Ermena remained sitting alone in the market-place, and looked now sorrowfully towards the joyous band of children who noisily and curiously gathered around her, and now towards the high gable window of the town-hall, whence the rope was to be stretched on which she would be forced to dance.

In one of the finest houses on the market square, in a cheerfully furnished chamber, sat three young officers, who served in the regiment of Hussars, which during the past few weeks had been quartered in the city garrison. The youngest of the officers, who had worn his sword-belt but a short time, had his quarters with the first commissioner, and was receiving as visitors his two comrades, who wished to while away in talking the time which, when out of immediate service, so often hung heavily upon their hands.

The young officer himself had a good-natured,

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friendly, and handsome face, and he was in that condition of mind which has probably been the state of most young officers when they first wear the long-desired epaulettes; that is, his joy at having honorably passed the much dreaded examination seemed boundless, and he tried in vain to reconcile his almost childish liveliness with the behavior suitable to his new dignities. His comrades called him Count Otto, and as such he was in truth. With a handsome property, a friendly, benevolent disposition, and most promising prospects for the future, we cannot deny that our young count had the greatest reason to be happy and joyful as he was.

"No, my best Otto," cried one of the officers, laughing, "your smoking is as yet somewhat affected; when you light a match we are not quite sure you will not burn yourself and us too, besides setting fire to the house."

"And to the town too," answered the count, in the same tone. "My good Maurice, do you think, because I am now so over-gay, it is always thus with me? By the way, Armand, how is it with your lottery ticket; have you indeed drawn the first prize?"

"What first prize? Not even my venture, not a stiver, not a red cent! Much less anything to speak of!" cried Armand, petulantly.

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"Poor fellow! And yet you dreamed so vividly of winning the first prize with number 8,888," jested Maurice.

"Friend Maurice is in the habit of painting with rather lively colors, or he would surely remember that I quite ordinarily, and by no means vividly, dreamed I should win enough with that number to buy me a new Arabian horse, with a saddle and bridle. As a jest I bought the number, which has brought me nothing."

"Very natural, I am sure," replied Otto; "but a new horse is not so great a rarity that one could not procure it without all this."

"Very easy for you, friend Otto, with all your lands! but such a poor wretch as I am! My good sister gave me the half of her little legacy to furnish my officer's equipments, and you see there can be no means of compassing an Arabian horse," continued Armand.

"And the best part of it is that friend Otto is every day inheriting a new addition to his fortune," laughed Maurice.

"Why not every hour? that would sound still better, good Maurice."

"Don't be weighing my words in your gold scales! Did you not last week heir the property of an old great-uncle? And your sister's fortune, is it not as good as your own?"

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Count Otto's brow darkened. "Do not speak of that," said he, gravely; "such jokes displease and hurt me."

"How so?" asked Armand.

"Ah, that is a sad story, I cannot tell you now! My sister was once very unfortunate, and has never been happy since. In the sadness of her soul she has retired quite alone to her estates, and declared me the sole heir of her property. You may see that gives me but little joy, for I would willingly yield all I possess to see her happy again."

"And is that quite impossible?" asked Armand, sympathizingly.

Before Otto could answer, a light knock was heard; the cordial "Come in" was responded to by the slow opening of the door, and Ermena, with downcast eyes, stood trembling on the threshold.

"See, there is the little gipsy-child!" cried Otto. "Come in, child, and do not be afraid!"

Then he took her by the hand, and drawing her into the room, asked her,

"Do you want anything from me?"

"O, forgive me, sir!" answered she, softly; "I did not know you lived here, or I would not have come; for you have already given me something."

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"What do you want, then, little one?"

"Only a piece of bread," replied Ermena, looking so troubled and so beseechingly up to the young man that he, who could so readily gratify all his own wishes, answered, almost ashamed,

"I will give you something else, but I have no bread."

"No, my lady-bird, that is an article we do not deal in," laughed Maurice, while he stroked Ermena's hair with his hand; then he added,

"The little African has remarkably soft and light hair, and never before have I seen one of her race with blue eyes."

"I am not from Africa, good sir!" answered the child, confidingly. "My brother and I were born in Spain, and my parents died there."

"We can see you are no German by your dark skin, my lady-bird," laughed Maurice.

"Do not torment the child!" cried Otto, good-naturedly. Then he raised her up, set her on the soft cushions of the sofa, poured the milk remaining from their coffee into a gilt cup, and, after piling a little mountain of sweet cakes and sugar around her, said, friendlily,

"Now enjoy that, little Africa!"

"May I have all that?" asked Ermena, looking with great eyes upon the young officer.

"Truly, if you can eat it all."

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"May I not take a little with me?" asked she again.

"You see, Otto, she has the gathering talent of her nation," said Maurice.

"I would like to take some to my good Flodvard," continued she, confidingly, to Otto, "for he loves me dearly, and has gone to beg some bread for me. I was to have waited for him by the door beneath, but the children laughed at me, and a great boy threw me down, and called me a black bat, so that I was frightened, and ran into the house."

"That was very wise," said Otto. "What is your name?"

"Ermena."

"Well, then, Ermena, eat all you want, and take the rest to your brother."

She now began to drink the sweet milk with such an appetite, that the three friends looked on her much pleased.

When she had finished, Armand asked her, "Do you dance to-morrow on the tight rope?"

"Yes, indeed, good sir! and then I dance a Spanish dance with Tarscha; we will be very finely dressed, for she plays a princess, and I her shadow."

"Her shadow! Poor child, you do indeed re-

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semble a shadow, you are so small and delicate!" cried Armand.

"O, no; you do not understand it, sir; that is not the reason I am called her shadow, but because I must imitate in dancing all her motions. But you can see all that from the window."

"And are you not then afraid upon the narrow rope?" asked Otto.

Ermena looked up at him one moment silently, then a tear sprang into her eyes, she folded her hands, and answered with a gentle, mournful voice,

"Ah! I dare not be afraid: or ——" she hesitated.

"Well," said Otto.

She looked round shyly, as if afraid of being overheard, then bent herself towards Otto, who sat near her, and whispered softly in his ear,

"Because father Benno would beat me!"

"And is he then your father?" cried all the three, indignantly.

"Not my own father, for he died long ago, and my old grandmother Vanulla says he was buried by the Ebro (a river in Spain), but we call him father because he was our father's cousin, and has brought us up."

"Brought you up, indeed! a beautiful bringing up, when he beats you and sends you out to beg," said Maurice.

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"Yes, I am always so awkward, father Benno says," continued Ermena, "and Tarscha learns all so much faster than I can. But now I must go, for Flodvard will certainly be looking for me."

"Go then, child," replied Otto, and rolling up a great paper cornet, filled it with cakes and sugar. Then he took a red silk handkerchief from his wardrobe, tied it round the child, and said,

"See, I will give you that; it will keep you nicely warm when you put it on; and these gold pieces you must hide, and keep for yourself. Don't show them to old Vanulla, but give them to your brother to take care of for you, for he must surely be clever enough to hide them. When you are both hungry again, you can buy something for yourselves."

Before Otto could prevent her, the happy Ermena had gratefully kissed his hand, then she courtesied to Maurice and Armand, as she had been taught to do before her public exhibitions, and slipped out of the door.

"How lovely the poor child is!" cried Otto, compassionately, after she had left the room. "Alas! how they may torment her, the little, delicate Ermena!"

"This rope-dancing is a horrible trade," continued Armand, in the same tone; "how timidly and anxiously the poor child's heart must beat when

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she finds herself upon the narrow cord; truly there was something indescribably touching in the words, 'Ah! I dare not be afraid.'"

"Indeed, if I could purchase better treatment for the child, I would willingly give much," said Otto.

"That would be impossible! The old fellow would willingly pocket your gold pieces, and torment the child no less."

"Unfortunately you are quite right, and I must give up the idea of being able to do anything for the poor girl," answered Otto.

After Ermena had left her new friends, she met Flodvard on the market-place, looking for her in every direction.

"Are you come at last?" cried he, running to meet her. "Only see the nice bread and butter a good old lady gave me for you; she did not think I was wicked and a thief, but said to me so kindly, 'I am glad you enjoy it so much, I give it to you from my heart!'"

"And I," cried Ermena, pulling out a handful of cakes from her paper bag, "I have been to see such a kind, grand gentleman, the same who threw me the gold piece this morning, but he was in another house; and he gave me some warm, sweet milk, with cakes and sugar. Only see, Flodvard, what I have brought you!"

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Flodvard opened wide his eyes over the good things, and helped himself plentifully, but the increasing darkness warned the children it was time to return to "The Roaring Lion."

They found the women already asleep; the hay cushions of the little wagon were strewed around the chamber, and the deep breathing of the sleepers showed that they too were tired with the long distance they had journeyed.

"It is well you have come, or you would have had to sleep in the street!" growled Benno, roughly. "Does it take three hours to beg a piece of bread, eh? Go down below; the wagon is drawn up into the barn, and you can sleep in it; make haste, and take good care not to touch the clothes spread out for to-morrow. If I find one little crease —— you understand me!" He then put the poor children out of the door, and shut it behind them. Flodvard went carefully before, and led Ermena down the dark stairway. The yard too was perfectly dark, but they met a servant maid who good-naturedly lent them her little lantern, and so they found their way into the great, gloomy building, which served as barn, as carriage-house, and now also as stable, for they heard the old pony greeting them with a neigh from his dusky corner.

"Do not be afraid, Ermena," said Flodvard,

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cheeringly, as he continued to lead his trembling sister.

"It is so cold and dark here," she whispered softly.

"Do not fear; we will creep into the wagon; there must be some hay in it, and I will cover you up quite warm and nice."

And so it happened; the children climbed carefully into the wagon; Ermena cowered down into one corner, and Flodvard strewed some handfuls of hay over her, to make her quite comfortable, for, as we have already said, the cushions were spread in the room up stairs.

"Can you sleep so, Ermena?"

"O, yes, good Flodvard, but now you must get a little hay for yourself."

"O, there is no danger of my freezing, I am such a stout, strong fellow."

There was such a touching love in all that Flodvard did for his sister, and in the grateful thanks with which she received his little offering, that one might easily see both children felt deeply there were none to care for them, except each other, and that they must be all in all to one another.

During a short time they were both quiet, when the sister said, softly,

"Flodvard, are you asleep?"

"No, I cannot sleep yet."

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"Nor I, I am so afraid."

"What of, dear Ermena? I am with you."

Ermena made no answer to this consolation, the only one her brother could offer her, and, when Flodvard heard her suppressed sobs, he added gently,

"I will tell you something that will make you sleep." And now the boy began a tale so often told before, which the sister had listened to with such pleasure, and which had frequently calmed her to sleep, like the lullaby of a tender mother.

What Flodvard related to her was either a remembrance of his early life, or a dream, he knew not which; he often thought he must have lived through the little scenes, but, because Ermena could not remember them, he feared, at last, he must have only dreamed them.

"You see, Ermena, it may have been only a dream, but the garden I was in was very beautiful, perhaps it was in Spain. A great lake was in the middle of the garden, with snow-white swans floating proudly over the surface of the smooth water, and on the shore stood a little house with a red roof and a little belfry with a little silver bell in it; the swans lived there, and I know well enough you were a dear baby that lay upon the grass and slept. There was a white dog too, with long curly ears, near you, and a beautiful

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lady gave you flowers, while I ran about in the garden. Where father Benno, Vanulla, and Tarscha were then, I cannot think."

"We need not have them in our dreams, too," said Ermena, already half asleep.

"Yes, but you see I often think it was no dream, for —— but you are asleep, Ermena."

Flodvard's weary eyes were also soon closed, and the friendly sleep certainly showed the children more joyful pictures than greeted them during their waking hours.

By noon of the next day, the city market-place was filled with people. One end of a tolerably stout rope was fastened to the gable window of the town hall, while the other was knotted round the top of a colossal wooden spring-house, standing in the middle of the square. Before the spring lay a scarlet woollen carpet, making a sort of stage, on which the various tricks and exhibitions were to be performed.

On all sides one heard and saw the liveliest talking, pushing and jostling, and happy were they who could command a window looking upon the square. Count Otto belonged naturally to the latter class, as his dwelling was directly opposite to the town hall.

He sat by the open window and looked sympathizingly upon Ermena, who now stepped forth

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with Tarscha, and bowed towards every side, with her hands crossed over her breast. Then began the dance, of which Ermena had spoken the day before, wherein she was to personate Tarscha's shadow. Both children were dressed in blue dresses, embroidered with stars and crosses of silver paper, looking quite bright and fresh.

The dance was charming. Tarscha's movements were sometimes rather heavy and angular, yet at other moments was she doubly active and skilful, and used her castanets so dexterously, accompanying her steps with them in such exact time, that she was quite lovely to look upon.

Still more captivating were Ermena's easy and graceful motions. Almost flying, danced her little feet over the scarlet carpet, while the spectators stood mouse still, quite lost in admiration. No sounds, no cries were heard, until the children, having finished, bowed towards every side, when thundering applauses burst from every mouth. Sugar-plums and flowers were thrown to them; Tarscha bent quickly to pick them up, while Ermena, trembling, only gathered a few, so that a boy standing near called out,

"The little one has not enough; keep some for her next time."

Benno and Flodvard gave the second representation. They performed with much dexterity sundry

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quite difficult feats of strength, which were neither beautiful nor graceful, and which yet made more impression on the crowd than the maidens' dance. Now came the trying moment for Ermena. After Benno had given three blasts from a clear-toned trumpet, as a signal that something new was coming, he raised Ermena upon the rope; Flodvard stood immediately before her. A faint cry of alarm and anxiety was heard through the crowd, a murmur of approbation or of disapproval over the dangerous position of the children, but a feeling of curiosity suppressed them both, and a hundred astonished eyes were fixed upon the brother and sister.

Flodvard went forward; he bore in his hand a balancing pole painted with bright colors, which he sometimes tossed about with swift motions, without losing his own foothold, for he ever advanced securely and steadily. Ermena followed more slowly, with downcast eyes. She bowed, smiling, towards the people, right and left; only those who, like Count Otto, watched very closely, could see the painful trembling of her lips, and the convulsive motion with which she occasionally pressed her hand upon her anxiously beating heart.

A deathlike stillness reigned, yet was it soon broken by loud cries of joy, for both children had happily reached the gable-window of the town

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hall. After a little rest they began their return, Flodvard still leading the way. Ermena went uncommonly slowly, so that when the brother had reached the end of the rope, she had scarcely passed the middle.

A breathless silence ruled over all, only broken by the clear tones of Benno's trumpet; suddenly Ermena stopped, and the child's trembling voice was heard,

"Father Benno, draw the rope tighter; it is giving way!"

Benno could not hear her by reason of his noisy trumpet; true, innumerable voices called to him that the child was in danger, but just because so many called at once he could not understand, but looked up himself at Ermena to see what was the matter. At that very moment she tottered, reeled, pressed her hands upon her eyes, gave a stifled cry, and fell to the earth.

Some in terror ran away, others raged and stormed among themselves, and although, but a few moments since, they had looked with admiration upon the dangerous exhibition, they now loudly called Benno a barbarian, a monster, and so forth.

All scolded and quarrelled, and none lent any aid; Benno could scarcely free himself from their reproaches and threats; and thus was Flodvard left

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alone, kneeling and wringing his hands by the side of his motionless sister.

Then hurried Count Otto through the crowd, and cried out hastily, "Take some other time to quarrel, and help while you can!" So saying, he lifted the fainting child from the ground, bore her through the crowd, and, followed by Flodvard, hastened with his light burden into his dwelling.

He laid her down upon the sofa, sent immediately for a physician, and himself brought cold water to wash the child's wounds, which were right above the temple.

But the door was noisily opened, the whole gipsy troop entered, and, while Benno offered to carry away the unconscious child, Vanulla said, with a croaking voice,

"We will not disturb you, sir; the child will surely soon be well again."

"We will hope so," answered Otto, shortly, and tore a handkerchief in two, that he might dip it into the cooling water.

"Give it to me, give it to me, young gentleman!" continued the old woman, visibly most anxious to get the water and sponge away from the young man. "Such work does not become you."

"Quit your nonsense!" cried he, angrily.

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"Shall the child die, while you all quarrel and do nothing? Give me that water."

The efforts of Benno and the women to take it from him were fruitless, but they continued to annoy him. With Armand's help, who had just entered, he pushed them back, knelt beside the sofa where Flodvard stood weeping and drying the blood with the corner of his jacket, and commenced quickly and skilfully washing the wound.

Benno gnashed his teeth, Vanulla grumbled and raged, while Tarscha good-naturedly held back Ermena's hair. And, O wonder! the places which Otto's cooling bandage had touched were soon free from blood, and the skin shone out white, clear, and blooming, while on the handkerchief remained a dark-brown stain.

A strange foreboding passed through Otto's soul; he was sure the child lying before him was no gipsy, and, when she opened her great blue eyes, and looked wonderingly around, he was convinced that some secret rested upon Ermena's life.

Young as he was, he yet had sufficient consideration not to give the alarm. Armand had left him to bring the physician, and the sturdy gipsy, both the women, with Tarscha, were prepared at the first token of suspicion to seize the child and

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carry her away, and then — he could do nothing for her.

He mastered himself and said, indifferently, "The little maiden is recovering; a strengthening bandage, some rest and care, and she will certainly be better to-morrow."

"We will take her with us," cried Vanulla, hastily, "and she can rest in our house!"

A moment's consideration convinced Otto that he must, above all, avoid awakening any suspicion, and he said, quietly, "Well, take her with you, then." Benno lifted the terrified Erinena upon his shoulder, and, without a word of thanks, pushed the door rudely open and left Otto.

The latter hastened to the justice, imparted to him his discovery, and asked for his active assistance, which the justice promised. Truly was he very careful and circumstantial, yet, after he had heard all for the third time, he issued a warrant for arresting Benno, sent for some policemen, and slowly followed Otto, who impatiently hurried before him.

Meanwhile the night had set in.

At "The Roaring Lion" a great disturbance and sharp contention had arisen among the gipsies. "Are you crazy?" cried Vanulla; "shall we leave at night, and in darkness, a city where we can make so much?"

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"I tell you, mother, we are discovered, in spite of the dissimulating face of the young man, in spite of his indifferent words and looks;" answered Benno, roughly.

"You are a fool, Benno!" replied she, in the same tone. "Such young fellows trouble themselves very little about our affairs."

"But I saw how the hot blood flew to his forehead when he saw that beneath the brown dye on the girl's skin she was fair as any German! I saw how he stopped a moment with his simple washing, and then affected to be as indifferent as he had before been careful of the little thing. Why he meddles in our affairs the devil only knows, but it comes to this, that we must go at once!"

"That is a silly web, spun from your own brain, and nothing else," sneered Vanulla; "the officer is as yet but a lad, and, even if he did think it strange, he has forgotten it by this time."

"It may be so!" replied the son, coldly; "nevertheless, go we must, for either he will fasten a doctor upon us whom we cannot get rid of, or the people will stone us to-morrow, for they are outrageous."

To this last suggestion, in which there was much truth, the old woman yielded. The sleeping Ermena was laid in the wagon, the women all

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crowded near her into the narrow space, and, unseen by any one, the gipsies left the inn and the city, to escape all search upon unfrequented by-ways.

A few moments later Otto and the justice arrived, but found the birds flown.

The justice gave very decided and strict orders for the pursuit of the fugitives, who now first seemed to him really suspicious. Otto stamped impatiently, hurried home, and ordered his horse saddled, that he might himself pursue the gipsies.

When he entered his room, he was greeted by Armand, who warmly shook his hand and said,

"I was absent during nearly the whole day, and when I returned found in my stable the costly Arabian horse for which I have so long wished; I know it is a present from you, my best Otto. How can I thank you?"

"By mounting your steed immediately and following me; we must find those cursed gipsies, for the lazy police will assuredly let them escape."

Armand was quite willing; a short leave of absence was soon obtained, and, at the end of an hour, the friends were galloping out of the city gate.

The night was pitch-dark, most unfavorable for any enterprise of discovery.

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It was almost midnight. A violent storm raged through the forest, and bowed the tops of the tall trees; the rain poured in torrents from the dark heavens, and the clouds were so thickly piled one above another, that the moon could but at rare intervals enlighten with her mild rays the strange wild play of nature, and again be quickly obscured behind the dense vapors.

In the wood stood a lonely cottage, small and unsightly; a steady stream of light issuing from the ground floor showed that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, all were not asleep.

Exactly at midnight, our little well-known wagon, drawn by the poor, tired pony, halted before the door. The gipsy, soaking wet, knocked hastily; a dry, little man with a red nose, supporting a wonderful pair of immense spectacles, opened the door, and seemed to recognize in Benno an old acquaintance, and a companion often before greeted.

"Why, indeed, Benno! Are you once more on German soil?" croaked he, with a hoarse voice, and offered his great bony hand in welcome to his guest.

"Open quickly, Luke!" answered Benno, "so that I can place my old cart in safety; the wind is tearing it to tatters, and I have travelled a long distance."

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"Perhaps some one is behind you, hi, hi!" laughed Luke, while, aided by Flodvard, who with dripping hair and clothes was busied about the pony, he drew the wagon into an old shed.

"The women are all asleep," continued Benno, roughly, and shook the old wagon-top so violently that Vanulla's dark face showed itself immediately.

"Get up, mother, we are in safety!" said the son; "get up, and cook something warm; perhaps Luke will trust you with some eatables."

"Hi, hi! who knows! who knows!" jested the old man.

"Come, come; quit your jokes and go up!"

This was done, and our worthy company soon sat round a great walnut table. Vanulla stirred in a little kettle hanging over the fire a curious mixture, half soup and half broth, yet bearing a strong resemblance to root coffee. Brenta assisted her in the preparation of this savory mess, while Tarscha, screaming and laughing, made the circuit of the dingy room, now comically putting on her host's knit night-cap, and now pulling the tail of the wolf-hound lying by the chimney, so that he growled in a most unpleasant manner, which only seemed to increase the frolicsomeness of her mood.

Ermena sat on a footstool, resting her bandaged

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head on her hand; she longed for rest, but dared say nothing.

Her wound was neither deep nor dangerous, and had been quite skilfully bound up by Vanulla, who had some experience in such matters. The pain was not great, but she was very tired, and intense was her dread of the gipsy's wild look; for she knew well that he would neither forget nor forgive that through her fault he had lost the rich harvest to be gleaned in the little city. She sat quite still and troubled, until the hound, tormented by Tarscha, fled to her, laid his head upon her lap and licked her hand; so forsaken did the poor child feel, that even the dog's caress did her good, and she softly stroked his rough back. Meanwhile, Flodvard entered, followed by Benno and the host; the two latter puffed great clouds of smoke from their brown pipes, and seemed to be in most earnest conversation.

"I tell you, Benno, it was a lucky accident for you to have come to my den this evening. In a half-hour, many of your old acquaintances will be here; only the children must sleep elsewhere. You know our friends' talk is often rather curious, hi, hi!"

"Never mind that, Master Luke; Tarscha can listen to anything we may have to say, and as for the other two, give them a bed in some hole or

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corner; we will soon be rid of them. The little thing is mortally frightened, and fears no small punishment for her behavior in B——, where I hoped to drive such a good business."

"Yes, yes, Benno; you know how to manage that. You know how to keep the little wretches in good order, and inspire them with a wholesome respect," grinned Luke.

Meanwhile, the soup was ready, and seemed much to the gipsies' taste, for they went at it roundly. Flodvard and Ermena received a scanty portion in an earthen bowl, and scarcely had they swallowed the last morsel when Benno cried,

"Go now; Master Luke will show you a bed!"

The children obeyed, and, after creeping through many a dark passage and corner, they finally reached a shelter which, like that in B——, served for many uses; for here again they heard in the distance the voice of the old pony, while quite near them a whole family of goats played noisily. Yet there were warm beds of hay spread out, into which the children crept at once, but without attaining the desired rest, for fear and anxiety concerning the next day and the breaking out of Benno's rage kept both awake.

"Ah!" began Ermena, at last, sobbing, "father Benno will beat me almost dead!"

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These words, which so clearly expressed the extent of the child's anguish, made a strange and hitherto unknown impression upon the brother. Such a mischance seemed indeed very possible to him, and for the first time he felt his inborn courage, so long subdued in slavish subjection, rising within him, and became conscious of his unused, but still existing, inward strength. He sprang up hastily from his bed, clasped his hands together, and cried out,

"No, no; he shall not, my poor Ermena! Benno shall torment us no more; no, he certainly shall not!"

"But who will protect us, Flodvard?" sobbed the sister.

"I, I will protect you; be sure of that!" cried the excited boy. "I will fight with Benno if need be; or, better still, let us fly!"

"Fly! where to?" asked the child, breathlessly.

"Far, far away from here, where the men are not so bad and wicked, where you shall be no more tormented, nor our limbs and lives be in constant danger! Get up, dear Ermena, and follow me! I will carry you when you are tired, and will give you bread and potatoes when you are hungry; but come, let us not tarry!"

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Ermena rose and answered feebly, "Give me your hand and let us go!"

Yet once more went the children to their old friend, the gray pony, who leaned his head confidingly upon Flodvard's shoulder; the boy reached him some handfuls of fragrant hay; then both children stroked him sadly for the last time, and went to the door.

But, O sorrow! they found it fastened on the outside. Flodvard stamped his foot, Ermena sat still upon the ground; suddenly she whispered,

"Do you not hear steps? Some one is coming!"

The children crept back to their hay beds. The bolt was lightly shoved back, and Tarscha, with a little lantern, stepped in.

"Are you asleep?" asked she, with her ringing voice.

To the "no" of the pair she responded volubly, "It is unbearable up there! A great company of men have come, who smoke, and sing, and go on horribly. Mother Brenta sits by the chimney and dozes; but grandmother chats away with the foolish fellows. I was so warm that I came out into the yard to walk about a little. They have brought bread and ham too; here is a piece for you; you looked so hungry in there. There, take it!"

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Tarscha was, as we have already said, by no means a wicked child; on the contrary, her character often showed traits of magnanimity, and, in truth, it was much to be deplored that she had been so completely neglected.

Ermena took the bread and ham thankfully, and said, following the impulse of the moment, "You are so good, Tarscha!"

Tarscha felt truly she was not so. She laughed aloud and continued, "Don't talk such foolish stuff, little one, and now go to sleep, for it is nearly two o'clock."

"Please, Tarscha," began Flodvard, endeavoring in vain to master the tremor in his voice, "leave the door a little open; it is so hot and close here, and the goats make such a noise! Nothing will hurt us."

"No, nobody will steal you," laughed Tarscha, and carelessly suffered the little door to fly open on its hinges.

Scarcely had the last glimmer of her lantern vanished, than the pair slipped softly through all the dark passages, which had been well observed by the prudent Flodvard. They came through safely, and, finding the house-door ajar, crept noiselessly out.

The window of the room was so near the ground that Flodvard could easily see within,

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where the gipsy company sat laughing, talking, and drinking with some six bearded companions, who had great beer pots before them, and who were apparently relating the most diverting histories, for, after every speech, resounded a loud laugh.

Vanulla was in her element; Brenta slept sitting up, and Tarscha had again fallen upon the unfortunate hound to dissipate her ennui. To this end had she drawn the above-mentioned old night-cap over the dog's head, and had dressed him in a hunting-jacket thrown aside by one of the men. One look showed the children all it has taken us so long to describe; and while they walked on, hand in hand, Ermena asked,

"And shall we never see Tarscha again?"

"Ah, who can tell that?" answered the brother with a sigh, for he well knew they were far from being out of danger. Should they be missed, it was natural they should be searched for on every side, and then what would be their fate? Flodvard took good care not to impart his fears to his trembling sister, and so they pursued their way in silence and quite rapidly, for hope winged their steps, and prevented their feeling their great fatigue.

Thus they wandered during nearly two hours, when the dawn began to break in the east, for

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it was the season when the sun rises early, and Flodvard greeted it with a relieved sigh. They had come so far, they would certainly not be pursued! And it was so much easier to wander about in the daylight than in the dark, stormy night!

Now appeared the sun, with his warm, friendly light, driving away all the sad shadows of the night; for the rain ceased, the roaring of the wind lessened, and all became quite still.

"We will soon, my good Ermena, find a village and some kind people!" said the brother, whose every action, every word, bore the impress of such loving care for his little sister that one could scarcely believe the boy had passed his whole life in a position and companionship to which gentleness and tender feelings were entirely unknown.

"But the wood is so endlessly long, Flodvard; perhaps we have lost the way!"

"O no, certainly not, only fear nothing; in spite of the storm and the darkness I noticed the way well, and I know it leads to B——."

"And shall we see that handsome, kind gentleman again?" asked Ermena.

"Certainly, we will seek him out, and I believe he will be right glad to see us; but we must first wash the hateful dye from our hands and face in some brook, for I saw well enough how astonished he was when he saw your white cheek; surely he

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was pleased with that, because all the people here in Germany are as white as we are."

"And can we indeed wash off the ugly color? But Benno threatened us with such terrible punishments if we should betray it to any one."

"But Benno can harm us no longer; we shall never see him again."

"Holloa! ho! this way, Master Luke!" was now heard in Benno's powerful tones; "here are fresh footsteps in the soft ground; they must be hiding near."

Ermena stood petrified with fear, immovable as a stone; all the life seemed destroyed within her; she could not move. Flodvard at once perceived their danger; probably only a few bushes divided them from their pursuers; but he was cool and collected. With one glance he embraced his whole neighborhood. Scarcely two steps distant from him the road sank into a deep hollow, with a little cave-like recess on one side, overgrown and nearly hidden by thick blackberry bushes.

Quick as thought he seized Ermena, whispered to her, "Try to reach the thicket;" lifted her over the bank, then ran some twenty feet further, that the footsteps might not seem to cease exactly at this spot, rolled hastily down the hill, and crept towards the sheltering bushes, under which Ermena was already hidden.

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A few seconds sufficed for the accomplishment of all these manœuvres; and it was fully time, for Benno and Luke had just turned the corner of the wood.

"Who knows, Benno," grumbled Luke, "whose steps we are so obstinately following? just such tracks as any peasant girl in the neighborhood might make."

"Think you, my honored lord Wiseacre," growled Benno, "that peasant children have such deep little heels as we see the traces of here in the ground? I tell you, they belong to the Polish boots worn by the child yesterday at the exhibition, and the pair must be hidden somewhere near."

The children trembled in every limb.

"You have been saying that for the last hour, Benno; come, let us go back; I dare say our comrades have found them in some other direction, hi, hi!"

"You may go back six times for all I care; you are only in my way with your tittering and nonsense!" was Benno's rude answer.

"Come, come, not so hasty, Master Benno!" besought Luke.

"Leave me in peace! I must find the children again, cost what it may, if I have to follow them to B——, or even if they have taken shelter with that silly lad, who has already once appeared as

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their benefactor. At all risks, I must have them again, for they are my only riches. The little one was just as dexterous as she was disagreeable and shy. Tarscha's movements are heavy and awkward, because I never liked to beat my own child. But those two are no kin of mine!"

"Yes, indeed! one might easily see you did not trouble yourself much about the little creatures, hi, hi!"

"Here end the tracks; the grass is neither disturbed nor down-trodden, and this is as far as they have come," said Benno, decidedly.

"But look here,—here is it completely beaten down," grinned Luke; "truly, a whole body must have rolled down this hill. Look and see if there be not some hiding-place.'"

Benno's searching glance soon comprehended the whole position; suddenly he sprang down the hill with three bounds, like a tiger on his prey, and drew the trembling Ermena, with a rude laugh, from under the bushes.

"Ha! ha! have I caught you, my birdie? Just wait now, and you shall pay dearly for your short freedom!"

The fascinating Luke began with some particularly agreeable hi! hi's! to drag out Flodvard. But the boy had not been mistaken when he thought he might be a protection for Ermena. He

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and often used his bodily strength for the pleasure of others; now, for the first time, was he fully conscious it might serve for the preservation of his sister. He cleared the bushes, sprang up, seized the feeble Luke, who certainly expected no resistance, flung him on his back, and then flew upon Benno, squeezing the gipsy's left hand so tightly that in order to master the active boy he must free his right, which held Ermena. He let Ermena go. And while Flodvard cried, "Save yourself, and never mind me!" a desperate struggle commenced. Yet, of course, the strength of a boy of twelve years could bear no comparison with the Herculean might of the gipsy; and after the latter had recovered from the first surprise, only a few moments were needed for the complete exhaustion of the boy.

"Help! O, help my poor Flodvard!" cried Ermena in despair.

The child's cry for help was not unheard, for it was the long-desired signal for our wandering knights, Otto and Armand. Searching the wood in every direction, they heard Ermena's cry, and, after a few moments, both officers galloped round the bend in the road.

One look showed them how matters stood. The powerful Armand sprung quick as thought from his horse, and threw the gipsy, who expected nothing of the kind, backwards; but the vigorous son

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of the south was not to be so overcome, and even while falling drew the young man down with him.

Otto had quickly drawn his pistols from their cases, and, while Armand was still struggling, pointed one of them directly at the gipsy's brow, and said, in a tone in which neither his youth nor his usual good nature were perceptible,

"One motion, and you are a dead man!"

Benno might well find the close neighborhood of the pistol rather fearful, and, slowly loosing his hands from Armand's shoulders, who sprang up, said, quite humbly,

"Put up your arms, sir. No one will hurt the children, rely upon it!"

"You have no further concern with the children, only I," was Otto's answer: "so listen then to what I say to you. You must choose between two things; either you must here solemnly give up all right to the children, and let them go with us unmolested, while you pursue your way, free and uninjured, or ——"

"What are you thinking of, sir! I must give up my children?"

"Your children, indeed! my good friend, will you then strive to put such a cheat upon us?" said Otto, coldly. "You had better have let me finish; for there is here no question as to whether you will give them up or not, but only whether

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you will do it peaceably. If you refuse, then will we take you and the children too, that you may show your claims in a court of justice."

Meanwhile, Armand held the gipsy's hands, and Otto's pistol kept such an unmistakable position that Benno's brow was covered with cold drops of sweat.

Where then was Luke?

He was hidden, overhung, and entirely covered by the sheltering vines, which now performed their protecting office better than before.

"Sir," said Benno, at last, "you know not what you ask: if I give up the children I must go beg with my mother, wife and child. Let me go, and I will promise you to use them better."

"You will forgive us, if we somewhat mistrust your word, my good friend!" answered Armand, quietly, while Otto's good nature was enduring a hard struggle; one look at Ermena, however, who beseechingly raised her hands, gave his thoughts and words the right direction.

"The more I see that in losing the brother and sister you lose your greatest gain, so much the less do you deserve any compensation; nevertheless, this time you shall have more than your deserts, and I will give you a considerable sum upon one condition."

"Let me hear it, sir."

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"That you give up all claim to the children and declare truly their real birth."

"They are my brother's, and were born in Spain," replied Benno, while he struggled to free his hands from Armand's, which lay upon them like iron fetters.

"You lie, gipsy!" cried Otto, vehemently.

"O," cried Ermena, "a little while ago he said, 'But those two are no kin of mine.'"

"And we are no gipsies; our skin is as white as yours."

"O, sir, do not believe him; save us, we are not Benno's," continued Flodvard, imploringly.

"It is good, so you shall go with us," said now the much older and more decided Armand. "You black fellow, you will find it quite natural we should bind your hands, for we have not overmuch confidence in you. Bethink yourself; you have but a few moments to choose, and you will lose the children irrecoverably and without compensation if you do not tell whence they are."

Benno groaned, while Armand bound his hands together with a handkerchief, and Otto kept his pistol pointing in the most unpleasant direction. Armand lifted Ermena upon Otto's horse, and while he flung himself upon his own, and called upon the happy boy to mount behind, Otto again approached the groaning gipsy, and said,

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"Your coward of a friend will soon free you from your bonds; speak, will you tell the children's birth-place?" So saying, he held a well-filled purse before Benno's eyes, whose obstinacy was not proof against this last trial; he cried out hastily,

"The children are Germans; my brother brought them with him from one of his expeditions!"

"Where from?"

"I know not; I believe from the south."

"Were they found, bought or stolen?" again inquired Otto.

Benno was silent.

Count Otto slowly lowered the purse into his pocket. "Stolen, sir! stolen, at least I believe so," said Benno, hurriedly.

"So now you are very charming, my friend, for if you know the *how*, the *whence* can be no secret to you, and the *when*, too, I would like to know." At this, the purse again made some very insinuating evolutions.

"I do not know exactly," answered Benno, "yet it must have been about nine years since, probably in this very neighborhood, for I remember my brother frequently spoke of the Black Forest; but further I know nothing."

Otto saw this might perhaps be true, at least he could learn nothing more without great difficulty,

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and throwing the purse at Benno's feet, he rode off, saying,

"You may thank our generosity that you have not been given up to justice!"

Embracing the little, happy, rescued Ermena, he galloped with his friend by the nearest road towards B——. By and by they slackened their pace, and after Flodvard, with all possible words of thanks, and Ermena with her childish caresses, had made known their great happiness, Armand said,

"Yes, indeed, my children, you are saved; but what Otto will do with you now, is a riddle and a mystery to me."

"I have already thought of that," replied Otto, "and have nearly decided upon a plan."

"Let us hear it."

"I mentioned my poor sister yesterday, in your presence, but did not wish to speak of her misfortunes before Maurice. She is much older than I, and I can scarcely remember her gay wedding with the rich Count Sternhold. But I recollect better how, some years later, I went to her home to stand godfather to her little daughter, who, to my inexpressible delight, was called Ottilie. The son, some two years old, was a pretty, engaging child, who inspired my boyish heart with great affection. My good sister Bertha was so happy!

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But after a few months she was a widow, and, while yet overwhelmed with her irreparable loss, met with a still more terrible misfortune. Both children went one day into the park with their nurse, probably a careless person, who neglected to watch them. Enough; the children never returned; all search for them was fruitless; the little Alexander's straw hat was found near the river, which was swift and deep; no one could doubt they had both found a watery grave. The careless nurse never reäppeared, probably through fear, although my poor sister advertised for her in all the public prints, assuring her she should be free from all punishment. She would so willingly have heard something of her children's last moments. But in vain, for she never returned!"

"Horrible! horrible!" said Armand, sympathizingly.

"Horrible indeed!" continued Otto, deeply moved; "and, young as I then was, for I was scarcely eleven years old, I never can forget that time. My sister then buried herself — as Maurice said — on one of her most lonely estates, the same where the fearful event occurred, that she might live alone with her sorrow and her mournful memories. All my prayers that she would alter her mode of life were in vain. I will now take Flodvard and Ermena to her; they will, of course, at

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first awaken all the old pangs in her heart, but I am nevertheless convinced that at some future day she will thank me; for I know she will be a kind protectress to them."

"And where does your sister live?"

"About six miles from here, among the mountains; I hope, Armand, you will accompany me."

Armand willingly consented.

In her beautiful castle, embosomed amid the hills, dwelt alone, and still sorrowing over her great losses, the Countess Bertha, of Sternhold.

The morning sun shone clearly and cheerfully into the airy garden parlor, whose folding-doors opened upon a stone terrace whose lower step led nearly to the clear mirror of a little reservoir.

Countess Bertha stood at the corner window of the saloon, and looked sadly out into the clear summer morning. She resembled much her brother Otto, except that she was older and much paler; but even this pallor, and the unmistakable lines of sorrow around her lips, had not entirely destroyed her original beauty.

She was employed in twining the slender stem of a fresh green ivy around a portrait representing a young officer, in whom we at once recognize our Otto. At this moment a servant entered, and announced,

"Gracious lady, Count Otto is just riding into the park."

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"O, bring him here at once, Ewald," answered she, with animation, and hurried down the terrace to meet him.

After a few moments the brother arrived, whom she embraced with the greatest tenderness, and who, the first words of greeting over, imparted to her his adventures.

She listened attentively, much moved, and then said to him,

"And now what do you wish me to do?"

Otto seized her hand: "O, receive these poor, forsaken, helpless orphans," implored he.

Countess Bertha grew still paler; all the sad memories of the past swept anew through her soul; she breathed deeply and heavily, and, after a pause, said,

"No, I cannot; the remembrances would kill me! Any other assistance I will willingly give, my good Otto, but ——"

"I could myself, from my own means, have the children provided for," answered he, softly, "but that love and watchful training which they can by no means find in the care of any stranger, they would certainly find with you."

Great tears stood in Bertha's eyes, but she answered nothing.

"Only see them first, my good Bertha," continued Otto, perseveringly; "surely, when you have looked into the lovely, dove-like eyes of the little

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one, you will feel drawn towards her; and I will make unceasing inquiries regarding the parents, who most probably are still living."

"How old is the girl?" asked the countess, faintly.

"Perhaps ten years old, but she does not herself know exactly."

The countess shuddered. "And the boy?" asked she again, almost inaudibly.

"He may be some two or three years older, but looks far stronger than his sister."

Countess Bertha pressed her hand upon her heart, as if she felt there an endless pain; then said, more calmly, "You may bring them; I will see them."

Otto hurried into the park, where he had left Armand and the children. Armand held Ermena's hand, while Flodvard looked about him with the greatest interest. Armand had just said, "Now listen, children; if at first the countess cannot quite determine to receive you, do not lose courage, but try, through good and gentle behavior, to win her love," when Otto appeared.

He took Ermena's hand, and saying rapidly to Armand, "All goes well!" turned, after calling to Flodvard to follow him, back to the castle. Armand, meanwhile, remained alone; he was unknown to the countess, and judged this moment inexpedient for a first presentation.

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Ermena's face was now entirely free from the dark dye, and looked most lovely with the bright color excitement had brought into her cheeks. Otto soon reached with her the terrace, on whose upper step stood the Countess Bertha, motionless, visibly suffering under the influence of some unknown oppression, of which her own heart gave her no explanation.

Ermena, yielding to the impulse of her confiding, loving nature, left Otto, hastened up the steps, and prayed with most touching, childish, and imploring tones, "O, if we could only live here, my brother and I, we would be so gentle and good, and we were so forsaken!"

Countess Bertha looked down into the sorrowfully beseeching eyes of the child; she passed her hand over her brow, as if in thought, then bent down, folded her in her arms, and whispered, softly, "I will be your mother, my beautiful child!"

Otto was deeply moved. But where was Flodvard? The boy stood by the reservoir, and looked, with a strange expression, now upon the snow-white swans swimming peacefully over the water, and now upon the little house, their winter dwelling, which, with its red roof and little belfry hung with tiny blue bells, looked so lovely, rising from the green sward. Then again he glanced up at the castle, but seemed so confused and so bewil-

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dered, that Otto strove in vain to awaken him from his strange dreams.

He seized his hand and drew him, almost by force, up the steps. "Leave me here, sir, O, leave me here; we are in Spain!" cried Flodvard, imploringly.

"You are dreaming, boy!" answered Otto, quickly.

Flodvard looked at him, shyly; "Yes, then was all a dream; see, Ermena, now was all I told you only a dream?"

"Boy, do not speak so wildly!" said Otto, while the countess was still busied with Ermena, who clung to her with a thousand endearing caresses.

"No, no, it is no dream!" cried Flodvard, now quite beside himself. "You see, Ermena, yonder is the pool with the swans, yonder the beautiful little house that I told you of; ah! only look, for there you lay and slept in the long grass, while the great dog with curly ears watched over you!" Then Flodvard took his sister's hand to lead her down, and now, for the first time, perceived the countess.

One look, a loud cry from the countess, and Flodvard exclaimed, trembling,

"No, no, it is no dream! yonder is the beautiful lady with the long, light curls, who gave you

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flowers and played with you; O, surely, I know her again!"

The countess drew the boy hastily towards her, stroked back his hair and looked into his glowing face. Then her hand dropped as if lifeless, all became dark before her, and, with the faint cry, "My Alexander!" she sank fainting into Otto's arms.

And it was truly no deception; the happy countess held her own rescued children in her arms.

When she awoke from the deep but brief swoon, she no longer doubted. Flodvard's features were, to the keen eyes of a mother, identical with those of her four year old Alexander's. Ermena's delicate face, too, bore such an unmistakable resemblance to her mother's, that Otto now knew well why, from the first moment, he had felt so strongly attracted towards the child.

Countess Bertha needed no further proofs; yet she listened with delight to Alexander's every word, as, gradually, one slumbering remembrance after another awoke in the child's mind.

The great hunting-hound was still living, though old and worn out; the little bells still rang out from the swan's house, as clearly and cheerily as of old; and Ermena's cradle, which had so often

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stood upon the sunny sward, was yet in existence, with its silken curtains surmounted by the cherubs' heads carved in wood and gilded, which the boy had so well remembered. How the children had disappeared remained still a mystery, which no one was any longer interested in striving to discover. Alexander was dimly conscious of lying in the wood with dripping hair and clothes, but Vanulla was already there, and his memories of that time were very confused and imperfect.

And why torment oneself with further inquiries? The truth was too blissful, too heavenly sweet, and undeniable. Bertha's heart would have freed her from all doubts, even had there been room for any. And then the little Ottilie still wore a tiny amber cross, which her brother had once, in jest, thrown around her neck, and which the countess only too well remembered. The gipsies probably left it on the child as an entirely worthless plaything.

Joy and happiness again entered the lonely and desolate castle. Both children now developed surprisingly, under their mother's tender care, those rich spiritual gifts which had so long been repressed. Count Otto had long since returned to his garrison, yet, usually, but a few days passed, without a visit to his little rescued ones, who loved him most dearly. His friend Armand, who had

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rendered so much assistance in saving the children, often accompanied him, and was, naturally, a most welcome guest.

About a year had elapsed, when one day, while riding out, Otto was stopped by a gipsy child, in whom he soon recognized Tarscha.

She pressed a crumpled slip of paper into his hand, and said, hurriedly,

"Read it; read it, good sir."

The letter was written in almost illegible characters, and was as follows:

"Come to me quickly, sir. I have a secret to tell you. BENNO."

"And where is your father?" asked Otto, eagerly.

"In prison, in K——, about six hours' walk from here. I have just arrived on foot," replied Tarscha.

Otto gave her some gold, and the evening found him in K——.

He received, without difficulty, permission to visit the captive gipsy.

He found Benno in a dingy, desolate room, lighted only by a single oil lamp. His eyes shone

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darkly as ever, and rested now with an almost unearthly expression upon the young man.

"Do you wish to speak to me, Benno?"

"Much, sir," was the gipsy's answer. "It was exactly as I said; since the children left us, hunger and misery have followed us."

"And my gift?"

"Was generous, it is true, sir; but we gipsies do not understand economy. In a word, we soon had nothing, and earned nothing, for Tarscha's gifts and mine are not great. Then I stole a gold watch from a gentleman,— for we were hungry, and that is hard to bear! I was caught and imprisoned; but I tell you I shall go mad if I am longer shut up in this hole. I will go back to Spain, I will die where I was born,— for such as we love our native land as well as you, my fine gentleman."

"And what have I to do with that?" asked Otto.

"To make me free, sir! with word and deed to free me from this dungeon. Then you can give me something in charity,— for I must once more, with wife and child, see my beautiful Spain! Will you not do it?"

"I do not know what motive I can have to induce me," answered Otto, with assumed indifference.

"What motive, sir!" replied Benno, with a

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strange laugh. "Speak! have you not robbed me of my only riches? Yet I ask it not as a mere gift. I told you once that I knew nothing certainly about the children, but ——"

"But I know about them," replied Otto, coolly. "They are the Countess of Sternhold's children, and by you, or some of your tribe, stolen from Sternhold, some ten hours' ride from here. Is it not so?"

Though Otto spoke so composedly, yet he trembled inwardly,— for it might yet be possible they had been deceived.

Benno's lips grew ashy pale, and he stammered, "You know it, sir? ha, ha! Of what use is my secret to me now; it will not set me free!"

At this he broke into a wild laugh.

"Be quiet, Benno," said Otto, with greater composure; "possibly I may yet do something for you. But now tell me how it all happened. You see I am too well informed to be deceived by any lies."

"Cursed be the day on which I first set foot in this land!" cried Benno, passionately,— then continued, more quietly,

"One day we saw Sternhold gaily adorned, for I believe some grand visitors were expected. We wandered, sad and troubled, through the bushes, and envied the rich people above there. Then we

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saw, by the bank of the river, a servant maid; she led a beautiful boy by one hand, and bore in her arms a little girl. We went to her to beg her to speak a good word for us to the fine ladies and gentlemen; then the boy quitted suddenly her hand, and hurried to the river. He seemed to be looking for pebbles, when all at once we heard a cry. The boy had slipped, and was struggling with the waves. I was about to spring in after him, when a hellish thought seized me; for the maid had laid the child hastily upon the grass, and without consideration sprang herself into the water to save the boy. Before I knew exactly what I was doing, I had seized the beautiful child and hid it among the bushes. Then I came back, for certainly, sir, I wished to save the poor nurse, who had half unconsciously sprung in, for she could not swim a stroke. But it was too late; she had seized the boy, and reached him towards me with imploring gesture. Scarcely had she seen him safely in my arms, when her strength failed, and she sank helpless to the bottom. Indeed, sir, it was out of my power to save her."

"Because you must first steal the girl, wretch!" cried Otto, indignantly; "else would it have been easy for you, with your Herculean strength, to have saved a weak woman and child."

Benno shrugged his shoulders, and answered, coolly "In truth, you wrong me, sir."

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"And what next?"

"The struggle was long, sir, which I underwent upon the children's account, but my mother helped me to decide; she told me if I did take the children back, no one would believe the danger they had been in, nor that I had saved them. Then she showed me how much we might all earn through the children, and, as I have already said, hunger is hard to bear. Enough; I yielded, and by evening we had left the neighborhood, and soon after quitted Germany."

"Shameful! shameful! And you never once thought of the unhappy mother!" said Otto.

"O, yes, sir; there were moments wherein I would willingly have given back the children, but we remained many years in Spain, and only two months since returned to Germany. I knew well this neighborhood, and would gladly have avoided it, but——"

"But Heaven so willed it, for know that Flodvard and Ermena were the children of my only sister!"

Benno uttered a loud cry, for now freedom and help seemed to him unattainable. He threw himself upon his knees before the young man, and besought him with such moving words for help and forgiveness, that no one could have recognized in him the rude, rough gipsy.

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"Stand up, Benno; my sister, whom you have so injured, shall decide upon your fate. Your future is in her hands!"

So saying, Otto left the prison.

Countess Bertha's gentle heart desired no punishment, much less vengeance. The sighs and tears of nine long years were dried through her present happiness, and no sufferings on the part of the gipsy could undo the past. She declared herself ready to forgive him, and even permitted her children to take leave of their early companions.

Count Otto accompanied them to K——. It was a strange meeting; the greetings with Tarscha, and even with Brenta, were almost affectionate and loving. Even Benno's face took a more agreeable expression, as Ermena reached him a richly-filled purse, with the words,

"Our mother would gladly give you the means to see once more your beautiful Spain."

The rough, wild nature of the gipsy was so deeply touched by such magnanimity, that Ermena certainly thought she saw a tear in his eye.

Through Otto's exertions, he was soon set at liberty, and left Germany with his family. No more was ever heard of the wandering son of the south.

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The true, self-sacrificing, and so long misjudged nurse, Beata, lived forever in the grateful remembrance of the countess and her children, whose happiness, as the reward for so many trials, long endured.

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GABRIELLE:

A TALE.

In the north-western part of Martinique, at the foot of a considerable mountain ridge, stood the beautiful country-house of the rich planter, Henry of Valencourt. The white walls, marble pillars, and glass windows of the building shone out brightly from amid the groves of orange and olive trees surrounding it.

At some distance from the house was a row of miserable huts, covered with rice straw. These were the dwellings of the negroes, Mr. Valencourt's slaves, who performed all the labor upon the extensive estates of their master.

Mr. Valencourt was born in France, and only had dwelt in Martinique during the past ten years, having inherited a large property from an uncle, on which he now lived with his children, Leonard and Felicia.

It was about the hour in the afternoon when the all-prevailing sultriness of that climate begins

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to lessen, and a beneficient coolness strengthens the exhausted frames of the inhabitants.

The folding-doors of an elegant saloon in Mr. Valencourt's house led out upon a beautiful portico, adorned with the brightest flowers and most luxuriant vines. In the middle of the portico rose from a little basin the silver foam of a fountain, whose cooling spray freshened the air, even during the warmest hours.

Under the veranda, a young girl of about thirteen reclined lazily in a hammock; her clothing was rich and gay; she was employed in pulling the woolly hair of a little negro child, who stood beside her, endeavoring to cool her with a large fan of peacock feathers. This was an enjoyment which could neither give real pleasure to the child, nor justify the exaggerated laughter into which Felicia occasionally broke.

By the entwined lattice-work of the portico, stood, likewise, quite idle, her brother Leonard, who was perhaps a year older than Felicia, and whose fine features showed the same listlessness and exhaustion as his sister's.

After the teasing of the little Peggy had lasted some time, he turned and said,

"O, Felicia! is the tormenting of that unfortunate little Peggy the only amusement furnished you by our monotonous life? Let Peggy go; you only provoke the poor child."

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"Provoke! poor child!" repeated Felicia scornfully. "I provoke a poor, miserable, black child? My good Leonard, you must be dreaming!"

These hard, contemptuous words showed that Felicia, like many of her kind, had grown up in the conviction that the unfortunate blacks were not to be considered as men, as brothers, but only as beasts of burden, only as a means of gaining wealth through their labor and service.

Leonard had also been thus brought up, but he possessed from nature a better and softer heart, and a feeling often arose in the heart of the excitable boy that the treatment of the blacks was by no means what it should be. But when Leonard permitted himself to remark this to his father, he was ever most decidedly repelled, and nowhere found the least sympathy, and, from having at first ventured to remonstrate, finally looked upon the tyrannical proceedings quietly and silently. During many long years he had known nothing else! And thus his better feelings in this matter were threatened with extinction, because there was no one to nourish and direct them.

Had Mrs. Valencourt lived longer, neither of the children would have fallen into such errors. She was a gentle, lovely, and religious woman, who was far from regarding the poor negroes as

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mere machines, and who exerted all her powers, during her short life, to lighten the fate of the enslaved blacks.

Mr. Valencourt, who was by no means a bad man, only full of prejudices, and who tenderly loved his wife, permitted her to follow her own will in what she judged best, so that, during her life, the fate of the negroes upon the Valencourt estate was much happier than that of their other brethren in Martinique.

Yet the good mistress died only too soon, and though her husband, after her death, held sacred all her earlier wishes and desires, yet, with regard to the slaves, he seemed determined to follow only his own convictions; so that the poor blacks felt perfectly that they were merely oppressed slaves. Mr. Valencourt was only a too indulgent father to his children, that is to say, he spoiled them completely, especially Felicia, and required from them neither industry nor perseverance in learning. This education had a particularly bad effect upon Felicia. Petted and spoiled by circumstance, and by all around her, the young lady showed such an abundance of whims and selfishness, that, tormenting herself as well as others, she every day sank deeper into these disagreeable faults.

Leonard had, as we have said, more mind and

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heart, but even with him this ruinous education had not been without its evil consequences.

The game with Peggy began anew. "Here, child," said Leonard, "go down and tell Paul to make haste and saddle my horse."

"Peggy cannot go; I shall die of heat if she quits fanning me!" cried Felicia, imperiously.

"I will take Peggy's place!" laughed the brother, and placed himself near his sister, who received, yawning, his friendly services.

The released little one sprang joyfully down the broad stone steps, and Leonard called after her, "You need not say anything to Paul about the horse!"

"Aha, you only wanted to send away that little fool," sulked Felicia.

"Exactly so; I was justly thinking how, when I, like Peggy, was just seven years old, I would have liked to play a little in the yard with the chickens and pigeons. Since this no longer pleases me, at least the child shall have this pleasure."

Felicia curled her upper lip scornfully, and was silent.

At this moment Mr. Valencourt entered with an open letter in his hand, and said, "You will have now, my dear children, less reason for your often-repeated complaint of loneliness and want of amusement. You know that Gabrielle, the daugh-

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ter of my only sister, has been hitherto educated at a boarding-school in France. Some time since, the head of that institution wrote to me that she intended to retire from her present occupation, and wished to know my intentions with regard to Gabrielle. A wish to see my sister's only child, and the hope that Felicia might find a friend in Gabrielle, have induced me to write to Madame St. Tabor, to ask her to send my niece here, under proper protection. I have just received a letter that Gabrielle has landed in Martinique, and that she will be at Valencourt this very evening."

Leonard's eyes shone. "O, that is delightful!" cried he, joyfully, "and Gabrielle is to live with us! I remember well how, when we left France, our little cousin accompanied us, weeping, to the vessel; that must be ten years since."

"Which you may well remember from the accounts of your blessed mother, my son; for she often spoke of our departure from France, and you were scarcely four years old then," answered Mr. Valencourt. "But how is it, Felicia; will you not be glad, too, to see your cousin?"

Felicia half closed her pretty eyes, smoothed her dress down lazily, and said,

"Who can tell whether I shall like Gabrielle?"

"And whether she can bear your intolerable caprices," thought Leonard; but he was silent, that he might not provoke the spoiled girl.

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"I hope you will like each other, and be soon bound together, as becomes so near relations, with sisterly affection," replied Mr. Valencourt, casting an unusually serious look upon his daughter. "Gabrielle's room will be near yours; and I will this evening choose a slave to wait upon her."

So saying Mr. Valencourt left his children.

Leonard had suddenly become quite eloquent and cheerful, talking about flowers and garlands which must be hung in Gabrielle's room, with a multitude of other projects as pleasant surprises, which Felicia declared impossible, so that the brother, finally, out of patience with her want of sympathy and animation, ran hastily down the terrace, leaving the peacock fan to its fate.

The court was paved with white flag-stones; and in the midst was a spring, by whose brink stood Peggy, striving to lure a little bird which bathed its tiny feet in the clear water, and gave not the least heed to the call of the little negro child.

"Come with me, Peggy, and call Paul; you shall help me to pick flowers and make garlands, only make haste."

Peggy ran off swiftly, and soon, with Paul's aid, beautiful wreaths were woven, which the powerful young negro (Paul) hung with taste and skill upon the chamber wall. To these were added

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fragrant southern flowers and fruits arranged in bright vases and baskets, and Leonard had just cast a last approving glance over the room, when Paul cried out, "O, massa! here comes the carriage with the young lady."

Leonard hastened out upon the portico.

"Get up, Felicia! Gabrielle is just entering the avenue."

But Felicia did not move; yawning, she lightly shook her hammock, and quite closed her eyes.

"You will not let papa and me go out alone?" asked he, imploringly. "Only think, it is you she most wishes to see—O, do get up!"

"I am too tired, I cannot! excuse me to Gabrielle!" answered she, pettishly.

Leonard hurried down, and arrived just as Mr. Valencourt was assisting his niece from the carriage, and bidding her cordially welcome.

"You are truly welcome, my dear Gabrielle," said Mr. Valencourt; and thinking, of course, that both his children stood near him, continued, "I hope my children will teach you to forget you have left friends in France, as I shall endeavor to make your new home pleasant and dear to you."

Gabrielle rapidly wiped away a tear, then, much moved, kissed her uncle's hand, and said, "Thanks, a thousand thanks for your kind reception, my

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dear uncle!" and turning towards Leonard, continued friendlily, "Ah, is that my cousin Leonard, who would so willingly, as I have heard mamma say, have taken me with him to Martinique?"

"Yes, indeed, dear cousin, and who is now so very, very glad that he can welcome you to Martinique!" replied Leonard, heartily pressing her offered hand.

"And where is Felicia?" asked Gabrielle.

Leonard reddened; "She is waiting for you above," stammered he, somewhat confused.

"O, lead me to her!" cried Gabrielle, taking her cousin's hand, and hastening with him up the steps.

Felicia still swung lazily in her hammock, and, had her curiosity to see her cousin not been too great, she would certainly have continued to feign sleep, but she could not resist opening her eyes a little.

With cordial greeting Gabrielle hurried towards her; and, as she bent over the hammock with open arms, Felicia rose and suffered, and even returned, Gabrielle's caresses.

The girls presented a striking contrast. No trace of relationship showed itself upon their features. Felicia, with her hair and eyes black as night, with her fine but pale skin, was the more beautiful of the two, but only when her pretty

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mouth was not disfigured by peevishness and ill-temper, as was usually the case. The present moment offered a striking exception, and the impression made upon Gabrielle was most agreeable. The latter, from whose deep blue eyes shone real goodness of heart, with her soft, blonde hair, rosy skin and lips, was more like a German than a French woman, yet her movements were all regulated by that grace peculiar to her countrywomen, while Felicia's lazy and indifferent manners, only too common in that country, soon wearied.

Gabrielle's childlike joy and thanks, as she surveyed the ornaments in her little room, showed that she had by no means been spoiled at boarding-school.

"And am I really to live here? here, in this beautiful place!" cried she, again and again. "And did you arrange all these lovely flowers, Felicia?"

Felicia blushed; "No, Leonard did it," replied she.

While Gabrielle was thanking him, Felicia brought from her own room a little monkey, bound by a silver chain, and said,

"Here, I will give you Turko, if you like him; he is a comical fellow and very good; only you must feed him well with sugar, for he has always been accustomed to it."

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Gabrielle took the chain with inward fear. Felicia let it go, and, in an instant, Turko had sprung upon the terrified Gabrielle, and sat upon her shoulder, grinning and showing his teeth. She gave a scream of terror. Felicia laughed loudly, and, throwing herself upon the carpet, Turko sprang in two bounds to his first mistress, and seated himself on her arm.

"How can you be so timid!" cried Felicia, gayly. "Turko is good and well-behaved; the little monkey cannot hurt you."

"But then remember that such a creature is entirely strange to Gabrielle," said Leonard, "and truly, he is not very captivating; but wait an instant, Gabrielle, and I will give you a beautiful parrot that can talk."

It had now grown cool, and the brother and sister proposed a walk, for which Gabrielle was quite ready. She looked with the greatest interest upon the straw-roofed huts, returned friendlily the modest greetings of the poor blacks, and, with a deep sigh, looked upon them laboring hard in the sugar and rice fields.

At length they reached the neighboring wood; Gabrielle seemed somewhat fearful of entering it, but Leonard said, to relieve her doubts,

"We will not go far, and the wood is here so well cleared, we have nothing to fear; the wild

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beasts, too, have nearly disappeared from the neighborhood."

As they were about returning, a cry of pain suddenly greeted their ears. They hastened towards the sound, and saw, under a tall palm, a young girl with a dark skin, lying on the ground, apparently exhausted, and striving to dry the blood streaming from her forehead with her loosened hair. Neither the hair, which was long and smooth, instead of short and crisped, nor the dark eyes, nor, indeed, the whole contour of the countenance, showed her to be a negress, but, on the contrary, no one could take her for anything but an Indian.

She threw herself on her knees before Leonard, and cried,

"Help me, good massa; save me; they want to sell me for a slave!"

"You seem to be a runaway slave, girl; the iron rings on your wrists show it," returned Felicia.

The girl's eyes gleamed with an unusual fire, although her voice was still soft and her demeanor humble, as she answered,

"No, massa, I am a free Indian, from the tribe of the Osages; but a wicked man has stolen me, and calls me a negress, that he may sell me."

Felicia laughed incredulously, while even Leon-

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ard seemed to give little credence to her words; for hard and rooted were the maxims in which he had been nurtured.

Faint and troubled, the girl sank back upon the long grass; but Gabrielle could resist no longer; she knelt down compassionately by her side, and helped to bind up her wounds with her handkerchief.

Leonard stood somewhat embarrassed, while Felicia cried out, hastily,

"Gabrielle, do not touch that black child! Papa would never forgive you if you touched a slave."

"I am no slave, I am free-born!" groaned the girl.

"And even if she is a slave," said Gabrielle, indignant at Felicia's heartlessness, "no one can hinder me from extending so small a service to the unfortunate."

Felicia laughed aloud, and answered, contemptuously,

"You may often here extend such services, if papa does not forbid you; but let us go, the disgusting sight offends me."

"O, save me! save me!" cried the child again, raising her hands imploringly towards Gabrielle. "I am lost if my tormentor, from whom I have

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escaped, should find me! I am so little in advance of him."

Gabrielle looked beseechingly at Leonard, who answered, quite firmly,

"If you are truly an Indian, follow us; I will see what can be done for you; but if you are a negress or a slave, beware! You had better go back willingly to your master, and trust to his generosity for a light punishment. You know that if you are a fugitive slave, the law gives us no right to protect you. Therefore, consider well, and, if you are telling a falsehood, do not follow us."

Coralli — for such was the child's name — with a thankful glance crossed her hands over her breast, and answered,

"I will follow you, massa, for I am free!"

Felicia and even Leonard, as they returned homeward, kept at some distance from the stranger, as if her vicinity would injure them. Gabrielle, however, walked close by Coralli, and would even have assisted her, but that Coralli herself seemed anxious to avoid, fearing, perhaps, to bring more harsh words upon her protectress. At last they reached the chateau of Valencourt. Mr. Valencourt looked quite darkly when he learned Coralli's history. He said, sternly,

"It is no fault of yours, Gabrielle; you did not

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know the law exposing all to the severest punishment who should give protection and shelter to a runaway slave. But you," and he turned towards his own children, "you knew that well. How came you then to disobey my commands?"

"You see papa is angry! I told you so!" cried Felicia, peevishly.

Leonard blushed, and answered,

"But, father, she declared she was no negress, and it seems to me one can scarcely be mistaken in supposing her to be an Indian."

"That may be, my son; I agree with you that the girl's countenance is, if not certainly, yet very similar to, that of an Indian. You know yourself, however, how much cheating and deception there is in this matter, and so you should have been more prudent."

"O, my good uncle," begged Gabrielle, while tears sprang into her eyes, "the poor child is half dead with hunger and fatigue; permit her to be refreshed, or she will surely die!"

Coralli lifted her hands imploringly, but Mr. Valencourt turned coldly away.

Then Gabrielle adduced everything that her loving heart could think of, to soften her uncle's severity, and partially persuaded, partially, for the moment, touched by her prayers and caresses, he finally said,

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"She may go down into one of the negro-huts, where she may be fed and cared for, until I have decided with regard to her."

"And may I go too, uncle, and stay a little while with the poor child?" begged still further Gabrielle.

Astonished in the highest degree at such an unheard-of request, Mr. Valencourt looked silently and disapprovingly at his niece.

The poor Gabrielle bent her eyes in confusion upon the ground, and could not understand that she had desired anything so very strange and foolish, until Felicia's loud laugh enlightened her; the latter cried out,

"Go down into that dogs' kennel, and wash with your white hands the blood from the girl's ugly, black skin! That would be charming for a young lady of rank!"

So saying, she ran laughing away.

Mr. Valencourt satisfied himself with a lordly "No!" and turned away.

"Never mind, Gabrielle," said Leonard, with real sympathy; "here, indeed, you cannot perform such services for the girl, but I will take your protege to the door of the first cabin, and give orders that she be well cared for. She can come and tell you herself, to-morrow, if she has anything to complain of." Gabrielle thankfully of-

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fered him her hand; Coralli crossed her hands humbly over her breast, and looked towards Gabrielle with unspeakable gratitude. She then, with weary and tottering footsteps, followed Leonard towards the negro-cabins.

The wound on Coralli's head was insignificant; a blow from a sharp branch, which in her hasty flight she had not perceived, had occasioned it.

She was able by the next day to go to the master's house. There she again related, quietly and consecutively, how she was an Osage, which tribe had been much persecuted by the whites, and driven from their original dwelling-place, in consequence of which they now led, for the most part, an unsettled, wandering life. She herself was an orphan, but had lived with brothers who had protected and loved her. But while her brothers were absent on an expedition, a band of inimical Indians, of another tribe, had attacked their peaceful village, and carried her away into captivity.

"For a string of coral," continued the poor girl, weeping, "they gave me to a white man; and he treats me so shamefully, that yesterday I fled; for I had rather die than endure such torment."

When Coralli spoke of the village in which her

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tribe dwelt, she did not mean a real village, but a movable camp of straw cabins and tents.

The Osages, to whom Coralli belonged, are one of those tribes who often came in contact with the whites, and even lived peacefully in their vicinity, so that we cannot be astonished if the Osages not only understand French and English, but even sometimes speak it passably well. As the Osages dwell principally in the west of America, Coralli must have travelled far with her tormentor.

"And what will you do now?" asked Mr. Valencourt. "Your tribe is dispersed, and far from you on the mainland; you can have little hope of again meeting with your brothers."

Coralli's brow darkened; she looked silently upon the earth, and hot tears streamed from her black eyes.

"She might remain here as Gabrielle's servant," replied Leonard. "Gabrielle would much prefer her to a negro, and Coralli might rest in peace, until an opportunity offered to send her to her tribe."

Mr. Valencourt seemed much surprised with his son's decided proposition. Whether he was pleased with it, or whether he was decided by Gabrielle's imploring looks, is doubtful, but he finally answered,

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"The girl may then remain with Gabrielle for the present, if she so desire."

Coralli with a joyful cry threw herself at his feet, and, seizing his hand, would have carried it to her lips; but Mr. Valencourt cared little for the poor child's thanks; he retreated, and said, shortly, "Enough, such things do not please me."

He certainly would not have permitted himself to yield to Gabrielle's wishes, if the slightest doubt had existed in his mind with regard to the girl's race; but the more he looked at her, the more sure he became that she must be an Indian.

The first days of excitement over, the longing for her beautiful France grew ever stronger in Gabrielle's bosom. She had left there so much, and found here so little! Madame St. Tabor, the principal of the institution in which she had hitherto lived, was a most accomplished woman in every point of view, and understood the training of her pupils' hearts, as well as of their minds. With fixed principles, grounded upon true religious feeling, she showed such mildness, and impressed those around her so beneficently, that the children in her institute could not avoid her beneficial and loving influence, and the greater number left the school with rich treasures for soul and heart.

Thus was it with Gabrielle. And from the arms

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of this tender friend, this second mother, from the happy circle of her young companions, must she now wander alone in a strange land. Mr. Valencourt's superficial tenderness could not indemnify her, still less Felicia with her imperious caprices, which often brought tears to Gabrielle's eyes. Leonard was the only one who understood her gentle and friendly soul; and thus, when with him, she felt less lonely, and less longing for her home.

But she was happiest when she looked into Coralli's joyful eyes, when she saw the girl's delight and gratitude in her every glance and action. The young Indian slept at night upon a mat by her bed-side, and thought of nothing but of proving her thankfulness to her mistress, in every possible manner.

When the refreshing coolness of the evening began, then sat Gabrielle, generally, upon the terrace, with Coralli at her feet; and the young French girl showed the poor ignorant savage how to do fine work, and the like, in imitating which Coralli showed much talent and perseverance; or she talked about her home, more often yet spoke of the lessons taught by her religion, and how wonderfully they had worked in softening and elevating the rudest nations. These subjects and ideas, though listened to by Coralli, were at first above her comprehension; but Gabrielle, notwithstanding

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her great youth, spoke so impressively and convincingly, that the Indian girl soon ceased to be a silent listener, but sought, by means of questions and objections, to solve her own doubts.

Leonard was generally a quiet but sympathizing witness to these conversations, which so enchained his interest that the book usually held in his hand during the evening hours would be unconsciously laid aside, and remain unread. There were two things he could not understand; the first, how it was possible that Gabrielle, still younger than himself, knew how to speak of all these things, especially of religion, so clearly and simply that even the poor Indian found no difficulty in comprehending her. To him, that would have been quite impossible; he knew well that he had often felt what Gabrielle now expressed, but the expression was beyond his powers.

"Surely," said he often to himself, "Gabrielle has well employed her short life in thought; she has sought instruction and learning, while I have dreamed away my time; but this must and shall be otherwise!"

The second point which he could not rightly comprehend was, that he no longer hesitated to accompany his cousin to the negro-cabins; indeed, he often bore, together with Coralli, the basket containing fruit, bread, and cakes, as presents for

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the little negro children, and he could no longer feel vexed when the little woolly-headed creatures would confidingly catch him by the clothes. That was certainly very wonderful! If Leonard had more deeply considered, he would have seen that the last was but the consequence of the first, proceeding naturally from Gabrielle's words, often repeated to Coralli: "Our God loves all men, white and black, and would indeed that they should all love him and his Christ; if they do so, he will take them all up into his beautiful heaven, and there it will matter little what our nation or our color, provided we have been but good and true."

And when Gabrielle had thus spoken, and soon after gave him the little rush-basket, and asked him to go with her, then would it have seemed to him very perverse, indeed even wicked, to have refused. Mr. Valencourt's positive order not to enter the negro-cabins had not yet been revoked; nor was this required, for, when the fatiguing day's work was ended, the negroes sat, in the cool of the evening, at their cabin-doors. The women sewed at their simple clothing, and took care of the children, who played and gambolled as joyfully and innocently in the high grass, as if they had a right to look forward to the happiest and brightest futures.

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It was then very easy for Gabrielle to bring her little gifts; here and there to give a friendly look, a kind word. She did not even refrain from caressing the tiny blacks. Once, indeed, as a negress sprang up to fulfil some forgotten duty, ere its neglect could be discovered, she took herself the boy from his mother's arms, and nursed and dandled the little black creature so winningly, that the child's wide mouth could not close for laughing.

At first Leonard was but a silent witness to these proceedings; but he soon tired of this passive part. What harm could there be in being a little friendly with these poor slaves? thought he, and conducted himself towards them most pleasantly. Such scenes as we have related of Gabrielle were still contrary to his views, but he said nothing.

Whether Mr. Valencourt did not or would not observe these proceedings, remains undecided; perhaps Gabrielle's mode of action reminded him of his dead wife's, and therefore he was silent; or he may have thought he owed his niece some little pleasure; for, in spite of his partiality for his daughter, he must have felt that she contributed but little to Gabrielle's happiness. However this may have been, Mr. Valencourt never uttered a word which showed that he was aware of the evening walks. Felicia employed these

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hours either dreaming in her hammock, or repeating her intellectual amusements with monkey, parrot, and Peggy, who must endure in silence the tormenting mischief of her despotic mistress.

One evening, after Leonard and Gabrielle had returned from such an excursion, they stood together upon the portico and looked down upon the beautiful landscape. Unconsciously to herself, Gabrielle sighed deeply and heavily.

"You are sighing after France, Ella?" asked Leonard, sympathizingly.

"Not at that moment. I was thinking how happy we are, that we can enjoy and admire all the beauty we see here; but even that brings to my mind the poor blacks. Ah, good Leonard! what is all this beauty to them?

"When the bright sun awakes us in the morning, after our prayers are over, we can think how we may pass the day pleasantly, and are free to do what best pleases us. But the negroes! They are often awaked by hard words, perhaps blows, and the sun, which smiles so kindly upon us, increases with its warmth the pain of their heavy labors. And when evening comes, they have no better hope for the next day than for that just passed!"

"You are right, Ella! The fate of the black

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is a sad one; and one must become accustomed to it before one can look upon it without pain."

"But could you ever become accustomed to it, Leonard?"

"I must; because it cannot be changed!"

"Not changed! You deceive yourself," cried Gabrielle with animation. "O, if I were in uncle's or in your place, I would soon show that man can change much, if he only has the will!"

"You do not understand it, Ella; believe me, the slaves must be severely ruled; they understand no other treatment."

"That is a prejudice," said Gabrielle. "Has any other than severe treatment been tried with them? I have myself seen how grateful they are for the least token of interest; more so indeed than many whites."

Leonard was silent.

"And is there any need that the overseer should be a man without humanity, who thinks of nothing but gain, and spares neither old nor sick?" continued Gabrielle.

"You are right; Galston is a hard man. Yet you must see that I can do nothing. I must obey papa's commands, even when it seems to me that milder measures would suffice."

Gabrielle was now silent, for she could not blame the father to his son.

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"Are you done at last with your lamentable histories?" cried Felicia, who, in spite of her customary laziness, had been bounding over the terrace, in the most active manner, with Turko, whom she had again appropriated to herself, and whose comical leaps seemed to give her the most unbounded delight.

At this moment Mr. Valencourt came up the steps with a stranger; the latter had sharp, angular features, bushy eyebrows, and a very disagreeably penetrating look. He bowed to the children, while Mr. Valencourt said, "Coralli, bring the gentleman a seat!"

Coralli turned, gave a loud scream, and sank back, terrified and trembling.

The stranger looked at her a moment fiercely, then suddenly sprang towards her, seized her, and cried, threateningly,

"Have I found you again, you rascally runaway? Ha, you shall not escape me a second time!"

Coralli, beside herself, loosed her arms from the bony hands of the stranger, which held her like iron bands.

"You lie!" she cried, passionately. "I am not, and never was your slave!"

"Whence then your terror, your scream?" grinned the stranger.

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"O, I know you well; you stole me, or rather exchanged a miserable string of coral for me, but I do not belong to you, for I am a free-born Indian!"

"Enough!" said now, seriously, Mr. Valencourt; "let the girl go, and show your right, and that she is a negress."

Gabrielle and Leonard breathed more freely; but the stranger drew forth a passport, relating to a thirteen year old negro child, and undoubtedly describing Coralli.

"But she is an Indian girl!" cried Leonard, while Gabrielle seized the unfortunate child's hand, and stood near her, as if to protect her.

"She seems such, my good sir," grinned the stranger. "Who can account for the freaks of nature! But I know that she was born on the plantation of one of my friends; both her parents were negroes."

"You lie!" cried Coralli indignantly, with glowing eyes. "I was born in the far west, on the Missouri; both my parents were Indians, and my brothers are yet living."

"She speaks Indian too, purely and unhesitatingly," suggested Leonard.

"Very probably," answered the stranger, coldly; "but all the negro children learn that

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tongue, for there are many Indians in the vicinity. But I stand to it, she belongs to me."

"Your passport seems all right," said Mr. Valencourt. "I cannot keep the girl from you."

Coralli uttered a despairing cry, but Gabrielle threw herself on her knees before her uncle, and said, imploringly,

"Do not forsake the poor girl; she will die if you give her to the stranger! O, believe her; only look at her, and you will see she is no negress!"

Mr. Valencourt, provoked that his niece should take a position in his eyes so unbecoming,— kneeling to beg for a slave,— threw a dark look upon her, and answered,

"Rise, and let things which you do not and never will comprehend follow their own course! Nothing can be done."

"But she will be so miserable, forever miserable!" cried Gabrielle, perseveringly.

"That is not our fault. The claims of the stranger are just, therefore be silent and do not anger me further, lest I should not forget it was for your sake we believed the girl's lies!"

"But she did not lie! O, surely not; lying is far from her!"

"Then I must lie, my young lady!" said the stranger, sharply.

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"Most probably so!" answered Gabrielle, fearlessly, sustaining with outward composure his lowering glance.

"Is it then certain that the passport is genuine, and no forgery?" asked Leonard, carefully examining the paper.

"Young gentleman, I cannot permit such dishonoring suspicions," said the stranger, angrily, while he endeavored to snatch the paper from Leonard's hand.

"Be quiet, be quiet!" replied the latter, somewhat confused by the stranger's violence; "you, who are entirely unknown to us, will certainly permit us to have the paper examined before the court."

"It does not seem necessary, my son," answered Mr. Valencourt, likewise disturbed by this display of temper; "yet it may be so. Your rights can thereby in no wise suffer," continued he, turning to the stranger.

The latter was silent, and looked down gloomily: he seemed to be considering, and finally said, indifferently,

"So far as I am concerned, do as you please; the girl cannot escape me."

This acquiescence deceived both father and son; the latter, sighing, was about restoring the paper,

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when he bethought himself, and gave it to his father.

Mr. Valencourt put it away, and said, quietly, "Coralli may remain until to-morrow well guarded in one of the negro-cabins; should the court find your claim just, you can take her with you wherever you please."

Coralli groaned aloud. Gabrielle, weeping, wrung her hands; and Felicia left off her games to watch with some interest the termination of these occurrences. Leonard walked the terrace with uneasy strides. Paul was ordered to take the girl down into one of the cabins. This was done. The stranger and Mr. Valencourt, eagerly talking with one another, followed at some distance.

Felicia, too, left the terrace. Leonard and Gabrielle remained alone.

"Be easy, my best Ella," begged the cousin, gently; "most probably we can do something for Coralli."

"Yes, we must save her, Leonard; she must, by all means, be free!" cried Gabrielle.

"But the passport appeared genuine. I see no way of saving her," replied Leonard.

"We must find one! O, do try to think of one, good Leonard!" begged Gabrielle.

"I would willingly buy her, but, first, I have not money enough; and I believe, too, that the

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stranger, perhaps out of revenge, would not sell her, and no one can force him; and even were it so, she would still be only a dependent slave. In future, when I am of age, I might give her her freedom, but her earlier liberty I could not restore to her, nor could she easily again revisit her own people," answered Leonard, despondingly.

"Then seek to free her this night," cried Gabrielle. "She is lost to you, but she can return to her tribe, and be no longer tormented."

"But how will that be possible, Ella?"

"O, we must consider. We certainly can get her secretly out of the negro-cabin, and keep her hidden until the stranger shall have left Valencourt and Martinique, when we can give her money enough to send her to the United States; when there, she must take care of herself!"

"But have you thought what a responsibility rests upon me? Have you thought of my father's anger?"

Gabrielle was silent a moment, then said, "O, I will take it all upon myself, and bear all that your father can inflict upon me."

Leonard blushed. "No, good Ella, you do not understand me. There can be no mention of you; I will myself bear my own affairs. Happen what will, I will save Coralli, and my father's anger shall fall upon me alone!"

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So saying, he left the terrace to avoid Gabrielle's enthusiastic thanks.

Night came. Deep silence covered the earth, and the dwellers at Valencourt seemed to rejoice in peaceful rest, for no sound of humanity could be heard. The moon shone clearly down upon the peaceful landscape, and lighted with its beams a solitary wanderer, who glided noiselessly among the bushes. It was Leonard.

He soon reached the cabin in which Coralli was held captive, and, trembling,— for he thought of his father,— he opened with a light hand the unbolted door of the cabin. All was quiet within the poor dwelling. On a heap of straw and hay lay some negro children, sound asleep. Two blacks, who had been appointed Coralli's guard, sat sleeping upon heaps of skins, and seemed to have forgotten their watch, in sweet dreams. Leonard looked quickly round; no Coralli was there. He searched carefully in all the corners of the hut, and even ventured lightly to speak her name. In vain; Coralli gave no sign of her presence; she had certainly vanished. The cabin was easily searched, for it contained nothing but some hay beds, some clothing, and the necessary utensils for so poor a household.

Had Coralli, in the extremity of her fear,

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already fled? Or, were the claims of the stranger indeed untenable, and he had himself, fearing the judgment of the court, secretly and forcibly stolen the girl from her lazy guards?

These questions troubled Leonard unceasingly, but to no purpose. No one could answer them, and he finally betook himself homeward.

Scarcely had he left the cabin, shutting the door behind him, when he heard a light step on the crackling sand. He sprang hastily behind a clump of bushes, and looked out in the moonlight, as a man with stealthy tread stole along the side of the house. Leonard soon recognized in him the stranger, and, with a beating heart, watched his movements.

The latter put his ear to the door carefully, and seeming to hear nothing arousing his suspicions, opened it softly.

Leonard scarcely breathed; his impatience grew extreme, for the stranger remained a very long time in the cabin, where all continued perfectly quiet.

At last the door was cautiously opened. The stranger came out, and muttered between his teeth,

"Curse it! the girl has the second time escaped, or has been placed in safety by her little saucy mistress up at the house! That was a short game,

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friend Rollo!" continued he, soliloquizing; "the Indian has vanished, let me represent her as a negress skilfully as I could. But hold; a precious thought! If I only had that cursed paper out of the old man's pocket, this flight would be much to my advantage."

Leonard could hear no more, but this was quite sufficient to convince him that the stranger's claims were unfounded, and that, in order to escape further investigation, he would have seized Coralli and taken her with him by force. With the most fervent wish that the lonely flight of the poor, frightened girl might bring her into no danger, he left his hiding-place.

Early the next morning he informed Gabrielle of the adventures of the preceding night. She said, much touched, "Ah, Leonard, how unspeakably good you are; but say, do you think I shall never see my poor Coralli again?"

"O, no, Ella, I cannot think so; on the contrary, now that we are convinced the stranger has no claims, we ourselves can institute a search for her. But we must first see what wicked plan the stranger still harbors, and, before all, I must take the false passport from papa's desk, that he may not esteem it genuine, and return it to the deceiver."

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The prudent Leonard brought the paper without a tremor.

The children entered the saloon. Here stood already the stranger, with bold mien, saying to Mr. Valencourt,

"Sir, I am ready to prove my rights to the slave before the court, if, indeed, you will not, upon my simple word, return both passport and slave to me."

Mr. Valencourt, to whom public scenes and courts of justice were particularly disagreeable, and who took too little interest in the poor Indian girl to investigate energetically her possible rights, went to bring the passport, and thus, by returning it to him, end at once the whole unpleasant business.

How did Leonard now applaud his own foresight, for the paper which he had found upon his father's desk rested quietly in his pocket, and he had wisdom enough to see this was not the moment for producing it, particularly as the joyful gleam in Rollo's eye showed that the regaining of the passport was his most earnest wish.

Mr. Valencourt's search for the paper was of course fruitless, and the stranger seemed to become even more anxious and excited that the desired article was not within his grasp.

At this moment Paul, who had been sent down

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to the negro-cabin, entered, and announced, breathless, that Coralli had fled, and that the two negroes, her guards, sought her despairingly and in vain.

Rollo counterfeited, in the most masterly manner, surprise and anger; indeed, the scoundrel immediately endeavored to turn the loss of the paper to his advantage, and, placing himself in a threatening attitude before the astonished Mr. Valencourt, cried out, hastily,

"See, see! the passport has gone too, because the runaway slave has been assisted in making her escape from her rightful lord and master. Ho, ho, sir; you see now you must make me amends in ready money."

"I by no means see that!" replied Mr. Valencourt, angrily. "Who will answer to me that, mistrusting your false passport, you have not yourself carried off the girl, to wring money from me?"

Rollo bit his lips; he did not suppose Mr. Valencourt's suspicions would have come so near the truth,— for that had been his intention, when his plan had been frustrated.

After a moment, regaining his shameless mien, he continued, rudely,

"Do you think to intimidate me with such injurious suspicions? You know well that the law ishes severely the reception, as well as the

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concealment, of fugitive slaves. If I make a complaint, as I certainly shall do, you must see that you will lose more money than the negress was worth!"

Mr. Valencourt was silent. But now Leonard stepped boldly forward, and said, apparently with great composure,

"Of course we know that, but we know still further. For example, last night, in the moonlight, a man slipped into the cabin in which Coralli was held captive; he remained therein some time, searching all the corners. What he wanted you may perhaps know as well as I, at least, you gave your thoughts words, and said, 'Curse it, friend Rollo, that was a short game! The Indian has vanished, let me represent her as a negress skilfully as I could!' Is it not so, or have I deceived myself?"

The stranger grew ashy pale, and seemed to fear witchcraft; Mr. Valencourt looked completely puzzled and astounded; Felicia thought she would almost die with curiosity, while Gabrielle could scarcely breathe through fear and anxiety.

"You lie, young sir!" raged Rollo, who thought it best to shield himself behind the mask of shamelessness and brutality. "You lie, or you have been dreaming!"

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"I can scarcely think, sir," answered Leonard, "that either is the case, for I heard you all too plainly gnash your teeth, and say, 'But hold, a precious thought! If I only had that cursed paper out of the old man's pocket, this flight would be much to my advantage!'"

The stranger's eye rolled wildly; he was silent an instant, while seeking some new subterfuge and deception to produce.

"But, my son, I do not understand ——"

"Not now, my dear father; I will make all clear to you hereafter!"

"That you will not!" cried Rollo again. "You had better confess that you have told an untruth, an idle tale, for you have no proofs!"

"Here are my proofs!" said Leonard, quickly, striving to steady his trembling voice, while he drew the paper from his pocket; "here is the passport, which I know to be a forgery!"

The bold boy dared much in thus speaking, for could he have been proved in the wrong the consequences to him would have been most deplorable.

"Give the rag here!" replied the other, hastily, seeking to snatch the paper from him.

"Permit me," said Mr. Valencourt, now quitting his passive rôle; "the paper shall to-day be proved before the nearest court, about two miles

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from here. I will go myself, and I hope, if all be indeed right, to see you there; we may then decide upon our future conduct." Mr. Valencourt bowed coldly to the stranger, who returned the compliment in the most scornful manner, and then departed.

Gabrielle once more breathed lightly, and hoped soon to see Coralli forever free, and again near her.

But Mr. Valencourt, during the interview with his son, in which the latter, of course, related all the occurrences of the preceding night, gave free vent to his long restrained anger. He thought his son's behavior unwise, unworthy of his rank and name, with regard to the slaves, into whose cabins he had himself entered to search for a miserable fugitive.

Leonard's heart taught him the exact contrary; he felt that he had acted well, as became a man, yet was he silent, and made not the least attempt to justify himself; a behavior which at length mollified his father, and led him to mention the subject no more.

Leonard was too magnanimous to permit a word of blame to rest upon Gabrielle; indeed, he led his father to believe her entirely innocent and guiltless.

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Mr. Valencourt and Leonard appeared in the court; but where was the stranger?

The passport was carefully examined, and it was found that the seal had been closely imitated, but was nevertheless false, and not that of the court in whose neighborhood Rollo had said he had bought the slave.

The punishments for such crimes, which are very great, could, of course, not be inflicted, as Rollo had disappeared.

Only to the unequalled boldness of this adventurer could it be ascribed that he steadfastly asserted, for so long a time, the same false tale; also he was justified in thinking that Mr. Valencourt would give him back, freely and untested, the passport; a hope which would not have deceived him had it not been for Leonard.

But, also, no trace appeared of Coralli; she seemed to have vanished into some far distant country. Mr. Valencourt refused all assistance in searching for the fugitive; he thought he had had sufficient trouble on her account; and thus was Paul the only one who, in obedience to his young master, made quiet inquiries and researches, together with Leonard himself, who often examined the neighboring hills and forests, but in vain!

The evening hours upon the terrace were no

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longer as delightful as when Gabrielle so happily and joyfully endeavored to instruct the young savage; when she used so to speak of God, and of his love and goodness, that Leonard could never hear enough. Also had the tales of her home, of her beautiful France, become more rare. She often looked long, silently, and absently towards the place in which they had first found Coralli, and which was likewise in the direction of her home.

"Can you never forget Coralli, dear Gabrielle?" once asked Leonard.

"I could do without her very well," replied Gabrielle, "painful as it might be, if I only knew whether she was free, and had found her brothers. O, only think how far it is to the Missouri!"

"You must not think of her so sadly," said Leonard, consolingly; "she is young and strong, and will find among the Indians of other tribes aid and support."

"But how easily she might again fall into the hands of her tormentor; how fearful, if some accident should lead him upon her track, and she be recaptured!"

"But it is unbearable; you are always looking for that little red skin!" cried Felicia, peevishly. "You could not be more distressed if it were I,

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your own cousin; truly, Leonard has boundless patience with your complaints."

Gabrielle extended her hand to the latter, but made no answer to Felicia's observations.

"If you want a scholar, I offer you myself; I would much like to learn the flower embroidery in which you so excel!" continued Felicia.

Gabrielle declared herself quite ready; but Felicia showed as a pupil so much impatience and self-will, that her progress was not very rapid; and Leonard thought, "Poor Ella, now indeed are the evening hours really unbearable!"

Thus passed several months.

One evening, after an insufferably warm day, the children went together, walking through the more distant parts of Valencourt, and approached the sugar plantation, which, in spite of the late hour, was filled by the poor slaves, who still busily worked on, although almost exhausted. The whip of the overseer meanwhile threatened in rather dangerous vicinity, that he might quell the exhibitions of impatience which but too frequently lowered upon the countenances of the slaves.

"It seems to me, Galston, you might sound the evening-bell," said Leonard, turning to the overseer, who, with cringing politeness and deep bows, stood before the children.

"As you please, sir! But if you take my ad-

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vice, you will let the rascals work on; I cannot be mistaken in thinking that something more than usual is going on among them to-day, for I have observed much whispering and gathering together. Believe me, sir, it will be best for them to be kept busy to-day, that they may have less time for thinking."

Gabrielle looked at Leonard beseechingly.

"Nevertheless, give the sign for stopping work, Galston!" continued Leonard; "or the poor creatures will faint, for the heat is truly unbearable; and such heavy clouds are approaching, that it will soon be dark."

Galston, although he stood there with hypocritically subservient demeanor, yet hesitated in fulfilling the desires of his young master, so that the latter was obliged a third time to repeat his wish.

Then sounded the bell, giving the signal that the evening rest had come.

It seemed to Gabrielle that the negroes passed her with unusual shyness and timidity; her friendly words were shortly answered, the women withdrew into their cabins, and forbade the children to go out.

"Let us hasten; there will be a fearful storm to-night," cried Felicia, looking anxiously towards

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the rapidly clouding heavens. "O, quick, quick! I am so afraid!"

The three hurried with rapid steps to the house; but such haste was scarcely needed, for the clouds, although becoming momently thicker and darker, yet delayed their final discharge.

It was nearly ten o'clock.

"Are you not afraid in such storms?" asked Felicia, after both girls had gone up into their rooms.

"It causes me some anxiety, but I am not exactly afraid," was Gabrielle's answer.

"But I am horribly afraid, and cannot sleep!" said Felicia; "and Peggy, the little fool, lies there upon her mat and sleeps like a marmot; but I shall wake her, for I cannot be alone after you have gone into your own room."

"Let the poor child sleep! What comfort can a seven year old child be to you? Lie down quietly; I will stay with you until you are asleep."

Felicia did so. Gabrielle placed herself by the bed, and related in whispered tones something to calm her to sleep; but Felicia was terribly excited, she threw herself from side to side, still holding Gabrielle's hand. The latter bent over her to quiet her, and Felicia, moved by some unusually tender feeling, murmured,

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"Ah, you are so dear and good, Ella! Stay only a little longer, that I may not be quite alone!"

"Do not fret; I will stay! Shall I sing you a little song? My friend Constance and I, when we were at school, and occupied the same room, used so to do."

Felicia consented, and Gabrielle sang, with a faint, childlike voice, a simple cradle song.

After a few moments Felicia slept soundly and peacefully. Gabrielle rose softly, and went with noiseless steps into her own room close at hand.

Her chamber was dimly lighted by means of a night-lamp, by whose faint gleam she discerned a figure cowering on the rush-mat beside her bed.

Astonished, she shrunk back an instant; the figure rose, and she recognized with delight Coralli.

"Is it you, Coralli; really you?" whispered she softly to the Indian, who, prostrate, was passionately kissing her hand and the hem of her garment.

"Do not betray me!" cried Coralli, in a low tone; "but I must see you once more!"

"Who thinks of doing so? I thank Heaven

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I have found you again. But how came you here?"

"Through the window! A ladder hangs from the balcony: but ask me nothing," continued she, rapidly; "I must go at once, and you must follow me!"

"What are you thinking of, girl? I do not understand you," said Gabrielle, astonished.

"I will tell you all when we are without; believe me now, without further questioning. You must follow me; there is indeed great reason!"

Gabrielle looked at her, timidly and irresolutely.

"Ah, listen to my prayers!" begged Coralli, wringing her hands; "but come soon, or it will be too late!"

"Does any danger then threaten me, you strange child?"

"Do not ask; I cannot, I ought not to answer you!"

"Does any one without need my help?" continued Gabrielle.

"Come at once, only come; I dare not tell you!" cried Coralli, in a hollow voice.

"But I am afraid of the storm!" replied Gabrielle, retreating with a shudder into the room.

"O, we will soon be in safety!" answered Co-

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ralli, anxiously drawing her former mistress towards the edge of the little balcony. "Here is the ladder; go down! I will protect you with my body against the storm. Do not delay; only go down!"

The bewildered Gabrielle looked out into the black night, and before she well knew what she was doing, the powerful Indian girl had seized her slender figure, and climbed with her, actively and surely as a squirrel, down the tottering ladder.

When below, the Indian gave her no time for thought, but, seizing her hand, hurried swiftly through the bushes, answering all Gabrielle's questions with, "I will tell you all directly!"

They had proceeded thus rapidly during nearly a half hour, and had reached apparently the foot of the mountain, when Gabrielle said, suddenly,

"I will go no further, Coralli; I fear you must be deranged."

"Only a few steps, mistress," begged the Indian.

"No, not one step," answered Gabrielle, firmly. "I begin to fear you, Coralli."

The Indian sighed deeply; she then seized her young mistress' hand, and said, in indescribably soft and winning tones,

"O, trust me, who love you so dearly, only follow me a little while longer."

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"No, not one step; I am afraid, in this dark, wild night; leave me, I will go back."

Gabrielle turned. Coralli imploringly seized her by the knees, and cried at last, passionately,

"You must not go back! you must not, mistress! Death and ruin hang over Valencourt!"

"You rave, girl. For the Saviour's sake, let me go; I fear you!"

"No, no, I do not rave!" groaned Coralli. "On this night a fearful, long-prepared negro insurrection breaks out at Valencourt; too long, already, have the unfortunate suffered; to-night they will do their worst!"

Gabrielle uttered a stifled cry; the intelligence acted fearfully and overwhelmingly upon her; she tottered and fell shuddering upon the trembling Indian.

"I must go back!" she said at last. "I must see if you speak the truth!"

"Then you will die, too, mistress!" answered Coralli, letting her arms sink despairingly. "O," cried she, weeping, "is it for this I have waited so long hidden in the fearful clefts of the mountain! I wished to see you once more, and therefore could not leave the place; therefore did I long no more for my brothers and my home."

"Poor Coralli; I grieve for you, but do not

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hold me so tightly; I must go back to Valencourt, I must warn my unhappy uncle!"

"That you shall not!" cried the Indian girl, quickly. "The negroes thought that I too had been misused by your uncle, so that I learned all their plans. O, you know not what dangers I have gone through to find you; but all the negroes there would be lost forever, should the conspiracy be discovered; no, I will hold you fast, I will not leave you until the day dawns and all is over!"

Gabrielle's courage failed her; she looked despairingly into the dark night, then raised her eyes towards heaven, and behold! some clear stars shone down through the parted clouds.

Encouraged, she again rose, and said, gently,

"Coralli, you knew all that! You could have saved Valencourt, and yet you did not!"

"I could only do it by betraying the blacks, but they never did me any harm; the whites, all except you, have only maltreated me."

"And you will let them die unwarned, out of revenge? Coralli, have you forgotten all our conversations? Shall Leonard ——"

"O, he left me, too!" groaned Coralli.

"He? He dared all to free you during that unhappy night. I will tell you of that hereafter. But Felicia and her father ——"

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"They treated me like the most miserable slave!" cried Coralli, passionately.

"And you cannot forgive them!" continued Gabrielle, in a tone which more affected the young Indian than her few words. Coralli stood silent and trembling before her former mistress.

"Coralli," continued the latter, seizing gently the passive arm of the poor child, "you have well remembered all the severity and injustice you have endured, but you have quite forgotten all that I hoped you would have recollected."

Coralli shuddered, but was silent.

"You have forgotten the evenings," continued Gabrielle, quietly, "when you begged me to tell you of our religion; you have forgotten the tears you shed when I related to you the history of our Redeemer, and how he suffered for us — for you! You have forgotten his lessons!"

"No, no, mistress, I have not done so!" sobbed the girl.

"You must have done so, or you would have remembered that he commands us to love even our enemies, to do them good, and forget the evil they have done to us. See, of all this you no longer know anything."

Only the violent tremor which shook Coralli's frame showed her to be living, and that a fearful struggle raged within her breast. The words of

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truth once spoken by the young Gabrielle, the lessons of the redemption, shone so clearly and so purely before her excited mind; but the wild passions of her race were also awake within her; she had suffered so much, the combat could not but be severe.

"You are silent," continued Gabrielle, softly; "now I see that you are no Christian in the sense of our Lord Jesus. Farewell, then! If you will not guide me through the stony, hidden pathway, I will try to find it alone. Heaven will protect me that I go not astray, and that I may yet be in time to warn my unfortunate uncle."

"It is in vain," answered the Indian, faintly, "it is too late, you would only die with him."

Gabrielle shuddered.

"Nevertheless, I must go. I will leave nothing untried to save him!" replied firmly the high-hearted child. "Farewell, Coralli."

Coralli's feverish hand clasped Gabrielle's, which lay cold as ice within it. The Indian sought to warm it, and strove in vain for words.

"Leave me, girl; we must part."

"No, no, we will not part!" cried the Indian. "You are an angel from heaven, and the Great Spirit who is your God, will protect you; if you must die, I will die with you; I will guide you back to Valencourt, mistress; I will show you that

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I am a Christian; I will warn massa Henry myself."

Coralli's dark eyes glowed; she threw herself with passionate warmth on her knees before Gabrielle, and pressed the hem of her garment with her hot lips.

Gabrielle raised her up, and embraced her tenderly. She had understood the hard struggle which Coralli had endured, and knew that the Christian religion alone, with its holy teachings, could have lent her the victory.

They hastened back, hand in hand.

Both were long silent, for their hearts beat anxiously and fearfully.

It was not far from midnight, and Coralli knew this was the hour destined by the infuriated blacks for their undertaking.

Coralli gazed shivering upon the heavens; for she possessed the talent of her people in telling the hour of the night by the position of the stars. She knew that but a short time remained to them.

She whispered hope and courage to Gabrielle. Both children pursued their way, in the most anxious haste and excitement. The better feelings had entirely triumphed in Coralli's breast; she knew of no other sensation than that of love and reconciliation, even towards those who had so hardly dealt with her.

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She walked courageously forward, seeming to know the way perfectly, and carefully parting the undergrowth, so that the sharp thorns might not injure Gabrielle.

Nor did Gabrielle's valiant heart fully appreciate the dangers they were about to meet. She only thought, with horror, that they might arrive too late, and, in spite of their rapid course, strove always to hasten their steps. Thick darkness encompassed the wanderers. The heavy storm-clouds hung ever high-piled and threateningly upon the heavens, and prevented the friendly moon from enlightening the lonely way.

A dim light shone from Valencourt; it served as a beacon to the children, who else might have stood helpless in the fearful, desolate night.

"Shall I carry you, mistress?" asked Coralli, turning to Gabrielle, who stopped an instant to regain her breath, while the cold night wind, the harbinger of the approaching storm, blew through her loosened hair, and shook her tender limbs as with an ague.

"No, Coralli, but the distance is great, we have been so very long returning; are you sure we have not gone astray?"

The Indian girl, who knew every foot of the way, and who, with the inborn instinct of her people, never forgot a pathway once trodden, spoke

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encouragingly, and supported the failing Gabrielle, who, indeed, seemed scarcely able to bear such unusual exertions.

After a little while, during which the girls received many a painful wound from the sharp thorns, they reached the entrance of the park.

It was not yet midnight, but only a few moments were wanting to the hour for the bell, which was to give the signal for storming the chateau.

"Now, stay here, Coralli! I thank you for having led me!" whispered Gabrielle. "Go back; only danger threatens you in that house."

"No, no, mistress, I will go with you; do not deny me this last favor," replied the Indian.

Gabrielle had not lost courage, but she felt, as the decisive moment approached, a timidity until then unknown. She now believed in no deliverance, and wished by no means that the high-hearted Coralli should share the fate which she saw before her. Therefore she said firmly, and even severely,

"No, no, you must remain; I need you no longer." Then she embraced her warmly, and hastened quickly through the garden.

Coralli stood alone. The warm and tender embrace had said to her more than Gabrielle's words; she knew her gratitude. One moment she stood immovable, when a light piping fell upon her ear.

As if stung by an adder, she went forward; she

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knew the sign; it was to warn the negroes that they must be ready.

Coralli's dark figure slipped quickly but carefully through the palings, following Gabrielle's footsteps. The true Indian knew now what she desired, — she would save her mistress, or perish with her.

Gabrielle had meanwhile reached the house, and had entered by a side door into the unbarred corridor. With a beating heart she gained the garden parlor, into which opened her uncle's bedroom. She pushed gently the parlor-door, and, to her joyful surprise, found Mr. Valencourt and Leonard sitting together upon the sofa. Both rose.

"Aha! the little one could not sleep for the threatening storm!" laughed Mr. Valencourt; "good; then sit down with us, and talk away this dismal night."

"Great God! how pale and terrified you look, Ella!" cried Leonard, alarmed, approaching Gabrielle.

The latter had regained her self-possession, and, in spite of her fearful excitement, retained sufficient recollection to beg for mercy for the rebels, before she related the conspiracy.

Mr. Valencourt grew pale as death.

"You ask for mercy, child, on those who would throttle us without mercy!" cried he, horrified.

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"No help is near, we are surrounded only by negroes; I know not what to do!"

Leonard had sprung to the thickly-curtained window, and looked down. Below, dark figures glided softly and quietly among the bushes; not a sound was to be heard.

"We cannot fly!" said the brave boy, quickly and firmly. "Shut yourselves up in the house; it may perhaps offer sufficient resistance for a time, until I can escape, and bring help from the nearest fort!"

"You cannot do it, Leonard!" cried the father, anxiously, for he too had looked through the window, and had seen the threatening figures in the court and garden.

"Heaven will protect me!" cried Leonard, confidently, seizing a loaded pistol.

"I will guide you, sir!" said an humble voice behind them; and Coralli, with every sign of submission in look and mien, stood upon the threshold. "I know a way out, which is still open."

There was no delay, and no questioning. Leonard took the Indian girl's hand, and went noiselessly with her on their dark path. As he passed his room, he saw, through the half-shut door, his servant Paul, apparently sleeping peacefully on the rush mat. Should he trust him? He hesitated an instant. No, he too was a negro; no-

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thing was to be expected from him! He carefully bolted the door from without, and so made Paul a prisoner. After a few moments he had left the house with the Indian girl.

Now returned also Mr. Valencourt's foresight and readiness. He bolted all the doors of the house, so that an entrance would only be possible through force; then he awaked Galston and the few female domestics who were within, and gave them the most decided orders; but his hope here was but small, as nearly all the servants were blacks, who slept in the neighboring cabins, and certainly belonged to the rebels.

Gabrielle awaked Felicia, and told her the danger as carefully as possible; however, the spoiled and timid girl gave a loud cry of terror, which had nearly betrayed to those waiting without that the family had been warned.

Gabrielle strove to convince Felicia that her loud crying only increased the danger. She was finally persuaded, and silently followed her cousin, who accompanied her through the long passages leading to Mr. Valencourt's chamber.

As the two girls passed Leonard's door they heard a creaking and scraping, as if some one were endeavoring to force a lock. Gabrielle listened in terror. Then she heard a suppressed oath, and recognized Paul's voice, who now him-

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self betrayed that he cursed his involuntary captivity, as it prevented his joining his comrades.

Gabrielle blessed her cousin's foresight, and went with Felicia into Mr. Valencourt's room.

The position of the master of the house, of the two girls, of Galston, and of the few weeping women, was a fearful one. If Leonard did not succeed in soon bringing aid, they were all lost, for the locks and bolts of the house could not long resist. And now they knew, too, that in Paul they had a dangerous enemy in their immediate vicinity.

But the hour at which, according to Coralli, the storm was to break upon the house, had long passed. Mr. Valencourt and Gabrielle judged rightly that the traitor Paul was to have given the signal.

And so was it, in truth. The captive negro ran raging up and down the little room, and rattled the locks on the oak door, even at the risk of awaking the dwellers in the chateau, for he knew not yet that all had been already betrayed.

Felicia lay weeping on the carpet, and promised heaven and herself never again to be severe or cruel, if she were only this time delivered.

The patience of the lurking rebels was meanwhile quite exhausted; they had long waited vainly for Paul's signal, and now determined to proceed without him.

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Suddenly several negroes shook and knocked against the main door, which, according to their agreement with Paul, they expected to find unbolted. The heavy door refused to open, and the negroes cautiously retired. Only one of the boldest remained among the nearest bushes. He was a tall, powerful mulatto named Lugo, and he now knocked loudly at the door, crying, with an apparently anxious voice,

"Open quick, massa! A dreadful fire has broken out in the wing!"

Mr. Valencourt saw through the trick, but before he could determine what to do, he perceived indeed that the side building was all in flames.

"Curse it," cried Galston, who, armed to the teeth, had gone out to the railing of the balcony. The mounting flames made the night as bright as day; his figure was clearly defined against the white wall, and a deep, threatening murmur among the negroes announced that they had recognized their deadly enemy.

Dissimulation was no longer needed. At the next moment, innumerable sharp stones whizzed through the air, all aimed at Galston. He had retreated behind the high tub containing an orange tree; he thrust his gun through the railing of the balcony, and fired at random. A stifled cry told him that one of the rebels had been stricken.

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Mr. Valencourt, meanwhile, had not been idle; one look into the distance, lighted by the bright fire, showed him that neither Leonard nor the desired soldiers were approaching. He stepped boldly to the open window, and said,

"Abandon of your own free will your mad designs, and I promise you all mercy!"

"Ho, ho! You lie, massa!" raged the wild, undisciplined band; "neither you nor that rascal Galston know what mercy is!"

"Shoot him down, the white man!" roared Lugo, and ran with ten other blacks against the main door, which groaned and cracked, but still held firm. A long resistance could not be hoped for.

The picture which met Gabrielle's horrified glance was a fearful one. The glowing flames rose high, and illumined the falling rafters, and the hollow, burned-out compartments, with a mysterious, ominous light. No hand stirred to bring them help, yet, fortunately, the storm had lulled, so that the flaming brands were not driven against the main building.

And beneath this desolation the blacks ran howling and storming. They were now provided with rope-ladders, which they endeavored to apply to the pillars of the portico, in order thus to enter the house.

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The first who sprang upon the ladder was Lugo, yet scarcely had he seized it with his hand to swing himself above, when a ball from Mr. Valencourt's pistol struck that very hand. He loosed his hold, and sprang back powerless.

The struggle became ever more embittered, and the position of the besieged more hopeless.

Gabrielle upon her knees prayed fervently, while Felicia, sobbing, hid her head in the rug.

Now came a band of negroes bearing burning brands in their hands, and heaping them up in front of the main door to burn it down, and thus effect an entrance. The danger was imminent, and the women heard, in deep despair, the beams of the door crackling under the influence of the flames.

At this moment of greatest need, sounded a clear trumpet tone from without.

"We are saved!" cried Mr. Valencourt. "O, my God, I thank thee!"

Gabrielle rushed to the window, and saw, by the light of the flames, the red uniforms of the French soldiers from the neighboring fort shining amid the flying blacks.

"Ah, you dogs, your freedom is over now!" cried Galston, clapping his hands with wicked joy.

"Do you think so, you scoundrel?" said an enraged voice near him. It was Paul's, who had

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forced his way through the side doors and now broke into the parlor through the tapestry hangings.

Before Galston could recover himself, the strong negro had seized and felled him to the earth. Paul was unarmed, and only his heavy fists taught the cruel overseer he was not to escape unpunished through this fearful night.

Mr. Valencourt thrust back the furious negro, and delivered him to the entering soldiers, who bound him, and added him to the other captives.

The meeting with Leonard, after such dangers, could only be most happy and delightful.

Coralli stood at one side with folded hands. The brave girl had guided Leonard through darkness and danger; beside which, she had this night conquered in the most difficult of all combats, that with herself. She rejoiced over the safety of those who had once been her enemies; but now, as Mr. Valencourt, while thanking her, offered her his hand, she sank on her knees before him, and said,

"Be merciful with the poor blacks, massa; they were indeed too sorely tormented!"

And Mr. Valencourt not only behaved humanely towards the unhappy rebels, but he showed such mildness and regard for them, that even their

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rude natures were touched. The negroes willingly yielded to the new slavery, as they hoped this would never be so oppressive as the old.

And thus it was. Mr. Valencourt had been convinced, during that night, that he was answerable for all the sufferings to be endured by himself and his family.

Galston was sent to a distance, and the blacks never were subjected to such oppression as they endured under his despotic rule.

When, some years after, Mr. Valencourt died, many true blacks surrounded his bed, and wept their mild master with grateful tears.

Gabrielle had never ceased to sigh for France, and Leonard and Felicia also were anxious to return to their native land.

The rich possessions in Martinique were all sold, and the slaves were sent back to their far distant father-land. Gabrielle and Leonard, as well as Felicia, desired they should again see their homes.

The true Coralli visited her brothers in the far west, only to take leave of them; she preferred remaining with Gabrielle to all other pleasures.

The voyage to France was a fortunate one.

If you, young reader, should ever go to Paris, and should meet two beautiful young French

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women and a young man with spiritual, friendly eyes; and if you should see a tall young Indian girl with them, whose fiery glance ever rests in love upon the more delicate and fairer of the ladies, then you may be sure that the hero and heroines of our story stand before you.

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THE GRAY WOMAN OF SCHARFENSTEIN.

A HESSIAN LEGEND.

SHOULD you ever visit the Electorate of Hesse, you must certainly endeavor to see the ruins of the castle of Scharfenstein. I am sure you will find them without difficulty, and that you will not be sorry to have travelled many miles to look upon them.

The hill on which stand the old walls is of considerable height, and, during the spring and summer, covered with the freshest green, with innumerable flowers, rejoicing many with their perfume and their brilliant hues. It is said that the violets and cowslips are nowhere so beautiful as upon the green slopes of the Scharfenstein mountain.

The town was destroyed long before the commencement of the thirty-years war; but the immediate occasion of its destruction is unknown. Of course, the old towers and battlements have fallen from their pristine glory, both from the

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injuries then received, and from the many centuries since elapsed.

At the time of our tale the Scharfeneck was already a ruin, but the walls stood firm, and defied the winds and storms that howled around them. But all within the walls was desolate; rubbish and stone-heaps covered the ground, and rendered the steps of the visitor, especially where the chapel had formerly stood, very dangerous.

Only a few of the very curious then ventured up so high; for there was a legend that the old dead knights often appeared, and played all sorts of mad pranks, injuring the venturesome, or even destroying their lives.

Besides this, there was a strange tradition abroad, which seems quite laughable, but yet was believed by many. It was, that a treasure lay hidden in the old cellar, far below the rubbish and stone-heaps, guarded by a little gray woman with a long veil of mist. The legend further ran, that in the beginning of May, during the night on which bloomed the first May flower, she left her lonely cleft, and wandered about among the ruins and the moss-covered paths of the mountain, until the last May flower had faded. During this time the little woman often appeared to men, and generally sat at the edge of the wood and sneezed. Any one who was ignorant of the tradition, and

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repeated heartily seven times in succession "Bless you!" the last time as patiently and kindly as the first, would receive the treasure. Whether hitherto no such patience had been found among those ignorant of the legend, I do not know; but it is certain that, until the commencement of our tale, the treasure had rested undisturbed in the tower.

A quiet village lay at the foot of the mountain, with beautiful white houses, among which, one, right at the entrance of the town, was most pleasant to behold. In the little garden before the door bloomed cowslips and blue perfumed violets, for it was the month of May.

Two lively children, of from three to four years old, played gleefully with a great black dog, which was apparently the children's best friend, for he winked quite pleasantly with his honest eyes, and permitted the fearless little creatures to pull his shaggy coat. Close by the children, on a stool, sat a young woman, their mother. She was a pretty, pleasant woman, and twirled her spindle busily, while she looked laughingly towards the lovely playmates.

"That will do, Johnny; you will tear out all poor Grip's curly mane, and then you cannot ride on him."

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So warned the mother.

The word ride brought a new idea into the boy's head. He sprang up, and tried with all his might to lift his sister upon the dog's back; and, though his face glowed with eagerness and exertion, he could not accomplish his wishes.

"Help me, dear mother, to put Annie on Grip's back. She shall have a ride; yes, indeed, that she shall!" cried the child.

Mother Hutta rose, lifted Annie on the dog's back, and held her so fast, that Grip might make the maddest leaps under his light burden without hurting the child.

Annie clapped her hands joyfully; while Johnny, with a switch about as long as himself, ran before the poodle, and screamed with delight.

Meanwhile a wagon came slowly down the road. The driver stepped wearily nearer, and his good-natured face shone brightly at the sight of the merry game; he cried, laughing,

"Holloa, my lad; don't frighten my horse! You jump like a little goblin!"

"Come, now; we have had enough of this play, Johnny," said Mother Hutta, lifting Annie up into her arms, and thus, to the great distress of the children, putting an end to the game.

"O, you are so bad and ugly!" cried Johnny, out of humor, to the wagoner, much to Mother

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Hutta's horror. The man playfully lifted up the lively boy, and placed him in the empty board wagon.

This was a new pleasure for our Johnny; he beat the patient horse with all his little might, while the wagoner asked,

"Can I stay with you a few moments, good woman? I have come a great way, and before evening must be upon the Scharfenstein."

"Stay as long as you please," answered she, friendlily; "but what is taking you up there?"

"You see, I live on the other side of the wood, in S——, and lost my cottage some months since by fire. I am now building a new one, but I am poor, and I intend to carry away some of the stones from the ruins; the knights no longer need the old rubbish."

"But take care the night does not overtake you," said Mother Hutta, warningly.

The wagoner laughed and shook his head; he seemed to know or to believe nothing of the legend regarding the treasure, and Hutta thought, "You might, indeed, be well helped if you could only meet the gray woman." But she was prudently silent, and led the guest into the modest room.

Poverty looked forth from every corner; yet such order and cleanliness reigned, that the

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wagoner felt quite at home, and found the rye-bread and thin beer very delicious.

Meanwhile, Mother Hutta stood before the door and looked for her husband, who had gone to a neighboring village to hear how Hutta's cousin was. This cousin, named Martha, was the young widow of a recently deceased peasant, and was now herself so sick and miserable, through sorrow and want, that Hutta believed she never would recover; and already thought with bitter pain of the little Asta, Martha's daughter, and of what would become of the poor child. At last she saw her husband approaching with rapid steps, but with an earnest and thoughtful mien, leading a little weeping maiden by the hand.

Mother Hutta divined the whole sad history, and, weeping bitterly, but still with comforting words, took the poor orphaned child into her arms.

Conrad, the husband, now told with a troubled countenance how Martha was really dead, and how what God had willed must be good; but what to do with poor little Asta, he really could not tell.

The child had meanwhile seated herself, quiet and sad, in the garden, and began, in her childish sorrow, to weave a wreath of violets for her dear mother — as she said — to take with her to Heaven.

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"Do you know, Conrad," said mother Hutta, with an embarrassed manner, but yet confidently, "that it is our duty to take the little one, and care for her as if she were one of our own children?"

Conrad opened his eyes. "A strange child in the midst of so much poverty?" asked he, doubtingly.

"Indeed," continued she, coaxingly, "we are young and strong; we can spare food for Martha's child, and by and by a warm garment to cover her. Just think that Martha could not be quite happy, even in heaven, if her poor child were here so desolate and lonely."

"O, the saints above know nothing about any sorrow!" said Conrad, decidedly.

"Perhaps so; but only look at poor little Asta as she sits there, herself a plucked rose-bud. Only think, Conrad, if Johnny and Annie had been left so!"

These words made a great impression upon Conrad's good heart; also had compassion already won the victory, and he said, cheerfully,

"On you will the greatest care of the child fall if you wish it, so let it be."

Who was more glad than mother Hutta. Her eyes shone with joy, as, with loving words, she placed before Asta the sweetened milk destined

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for her own children's supper. A little cup full was kept for Annie, but Johnny must to-day be content with the half-roll which the wagoner had found for him in his pocket. Mother Hutta seemed to have quite forgotten him; but he had heard the whole discussion through the open door, and said as he took leave of the pair,

"The Lord will bless you for what you have done to that poor orphan; indeed, I would willingly exchange with you any luck intended for me."

"The little old woman above there may perhaps make you a gift," laughed Conrad.

The wagoner listened, and asked what he meant.

"O, nothing! only a joke!" answered mother Hutta, quickly, for she remembered the saying, that only those who knew nothing about it could receive the treasure.

The guest then took leave, and they soon after saw him toiling with his panting horses up the steep mountain road.

Asta stood with folded hands near her new mother, and said, from her pious, childish heart, her evening prayer. She spoke so confidingly to her mother in heaven, that Hutta could not but feel a tender sorrow.

The three children were soon asleep, for even Asta, worn out by the day's sadness, slept quietly

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and soundly in Annie's bed with the little one's arms around her.

The wagoner, meanwhile, continued his weary way; it seemed to him as if the mountain stretched out interminably before his eyes, for as often as he thought to have reached the summit, he found himself mistaken.

"Na, na, that is a pretty story," grumbled he now to himself; "the sun is almost down, and I have not one stone in the wagon. If I had only remained below in the valley, I would have been sure of not passing the night here alone; for, let things be as they may, I believe the Scharfenstein knights are not too fond of any such company as I!"

He went on, panting. "If I only could see something human, I would not care about passing the night up here among these vaults; besides, I I am no coward!"

"Hatchee!" heard he, now quite near him.

"God bless you!" nodded he, lifting his cap.

"Hatchee!" sounded again.

"Bless you! Where are you then, my good friend? Come out, that we may travel on together."

"Hatchee!" was the answer.

"Bless you! You seem to have a very bad cold, my good friend; if you will take my advice

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you will come out and get into my wagon; the air will not then disturb you so."

Martin, for such was the wagoner's name, had meantime reached the first vault, and halted.

Then sounded from the underground passage, "Hatchee!"

"Are you hiding here? I thought so, for if you had been going the same way as I, I must have seen you before. Bless you, my friend! and now come out, and help me a little."

He heard a rustling in the vault, and thought now a human form would certainly present itself; he saw nothing, however, but again heard a faint sneeze.

He bent down over the stones, and, more from habit than any further interest, said, once more, "Bless you!"

He began his work now in earnest, and soon had the wagon half filled with stones. A sound as of approaching steps fell upon his ear; even voices seemed to near him; and, as he listened more closely, he heard a perceptible sneeze.

He knit his brow angrily, yet, at this moment, his eye fell upon the fine heap of stones in the wagon, and, moved by grateful joy, he answered for the sixth time with his friendly wish.

He worked on, and was about lifting a great

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four-cornered block, when he heard for the seventh time,

"Hatchee!"

"The devil take you!" cried he, angrily. "Do you think me a fool, or are you one yourself? What do you mean by such sneezing?"

A loud laugh burst from the deep cellars, and seemed to be reëchoed from every cleft in the walls. Innumerable voices grew louder and louder; each tried to outlaugh the others, while the stupefied wagoner saw not a single human form.

He glanced fearfully around; all was empty and dark, only occasionally would the harsh and malicious laugh burst forth, breaking the horrible silence.

Great drops of sweat ran down from his forehead, and, panting, he again began his work. But in vain; in spite of his exertions the stones all rolled back upon the ground before they reached the wagon.

The honest peasant became even more impatient and alarmed, and turned his eyes right and left, as if seeking aid. Night had already darkened in the valley, and nothing there could be distinguished clearly. The walls seemed to him suddenly to grow to a giant height, and all became most strange and unfamiliar. He could not be deceived; the castle stood before him as solid and majestic as of

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old, with its slender turrets and shining windows. A thousand wax lights beamed upon him; joyful voices resounded, and the trumpeters from the watch-tower blew a clear and ringing blast.

"Am I mad?" asked he of himself, pressing his hand upon his brow. Then approached a band of squires and riders upon noble steeds with costly saddles. Foremost rode a beautiful lady on a white palfrey, and by her side a stately lord, with a brilliant diamond clasp confining his purple mantle. The procession rustled and hummed most ominously quite near to Martin, seeming utterly unconscious of his presence. He tried to fly; he turned to the right, then to the left, but everywhere strange shapes met him, encircling him closer and closer. As he looked again, the beautiful figures in rich garments had grown gray and misty, with hollow cheeks and lustreless eyes, and the proud steeds seemed now like shaggy bears and furious wolves, roaring and raging around him.

Horrified and beside himself, Martin sank upon his knees, and scarcely had he raised his hands in the attitude of pious prayer when the visions vanished.

The moon shone bright and clear over the lonely ruin, and the night wind blew cool and refreshing over the fragrant grass and bright-eyed daisies.

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Martin sank back exhausted upon the soft moss, and soon slept peacefully.

Mother Hutta rose with the sun, and went to her work. She had cheerfully shortened her sleep by an hour, for now must she also work for Asta. With a skilful hand she arranged the little room, and stepped forth with a serene glance. All lay so still and peaceful, in the glorious morning freshness, that she felt quite well and hopeful, with no more fears concerning Asta's food and clothing.

Conrad, too, came to the door. His face also shone cheerfully; he was quite rested, and ready to go into the forest, where he earned his livelihood by felling wood.

Each smiled upon the other, for each had striven to be before the other in rising and in commencing work. Mother Hutta brought quickly the fresh milk with brown bread, but helped her husband bountifully, as usual.

"O, take care! What are you thinking of, wife? Cut off a little slice from my breakfast, or I shall be doing nothing for Asta!"

"O, you do everything!" replied she, affectionately, reaching him his breakfast. "Take it; you will need it all for your hard labor."

But Conrad would not take all; he carefully left some for Asta, and prepared to go out.

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Meanwhile Martin, the wagoner, approached with weary strides and empty wagon, and Conrad hastened to meet him.

"Yes, yes, here I am safe and sound," cried he, shaking hands with Hutta and Conrad.

"And with an empty wagon, without any stones?" asked the husband.

"Pretty stones indeed!" grumbled Martin. "Do you know that a whole bevy of witches dwell up there to torment honest people?"

"How so?"

"O, I can tell all about it! First, there was a band of goblins who all had colds and sneezed as if possessed."

"They sneezed?" cried Hutta, astonished.

"Truly did they so, my good woman, and perhaps a dozen times."

"And you, what did you do?"

"I cried six times, 'Bless you.'"

"And the seventh?" asked she, breathless.

"Then I lost patience, and wished the whole company to the devil!"

"Poor man!" cried she, compassionately.

"Good woman, what do you mean? I was indeed to be pitied, for what I saw was so awful,—yes indeed, fearfully awful were the wandering knights and the pale ladies."

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Then followed an exact account of what had happened.

"But what was the most strange, on awaking this morning, instead of stones I found nothing but dust and dry moss in the wagon. What do you think of that?"

The pair shook their heads pityingly, and Conrad added,

"You have just missed your luck without knowing it."

"What luck, indeed? A fig for all the luck to be found up there in that goblin's nest! But now, God bless you!"

So saying, the three parted with mutual good wishes, and a hearty shaking of hands.

May had nearly passed. Martha's grave was covered with the first green, and seven times had the spring flowers bedecked her quiet resting-place. Conrad's cottage still stood at the foot of the Scharfenstein; but the former joy had vanished, for poverty in its saddest aspect now dwelt therein. One accident after another had stricken the poor inmates, and Conrad, once so strong and healthful, showed, by his pale cheeks, his faded lips, and feeble tread, that he had not yet entirely recovered from a long illness. His wife supported lovingly his tottering steps; but she, too, looked pale

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and faded, and her old joyous laughter was heard no more.

Asta, now fourteen years old, carried a stool into the garden, and said, "Will you not sit a while in the warm May sun, father? It will certainly do you good."

"Never mind, child; there is no more help for me," answered he, despondingly. However, he accepted the kind offer, and looked sadly before him.

"Only have patience yet a little while, dear Conrad," begged Hutta. "Asta and I have made so much with spinning, that we can soon pay a doctor; you will see help will come."

Conrad shook his head mournfully, and said nothing.

Asta twirled her spindle steadily, and looked neither to the right nor left, so busy was she.

"Ah!" thought she, in her pious, childish heart, "if I could only in some way repay you for the true love you have shown me, you good foster-parents. But I am so weak, and if mother Hutta did not labor night and day, we must all die of hunger."

The good Asta did herself injustice, for she was as busy and as skilful as her foster-mother, and sat half the night at her work, so that she scarcely

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knew what rest was. But her earnings were small, and want became ever more pressing.

Conrad soon found it too cool; he went in with trembling limbs; Asta hastened to the meadow to bring some turf, while mother Hutta prepared the slender evening meal.

After a few steps, Asta met her foster-brother, who had now become a bold, strong youngster of eleven years, and who looked fresh and blooming as of old.

His face glowed as a crimson rose, and, holding high a beautiful bunch of May flowers, he cried,

"O, see, Asta, what lovely flowers I have found up there in the castle garden!"

"In the castle garden?" asked Asta, alarmed. "Where then is Annie?"

Johnny opened his eyes. "O, she must have come down long ago! She left me more than an hour since."

"O, my God! if any harm has befallen the child!" cried Asta.

The brother looked quite frightened, but Asta said, comfortingly,

"It may not be so bad; do not tell your mother, so that she may not be anxious. It is quite light yet; I will go up the mountain and look for Annie. Go quietly into the house."

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The little fellow obeyed with a beating heart, for he feared for his sister.

Asta hastened rapidly up the mountain, and her heart beat anxiously when she thought of her little sister; she feared no unearthly spirits, for she knew nothing of the Scharfenstein legends, but she thought of the steep rocks and deep vaults, where the little one might be so readily hurt.

She reached the summit before sunset. She only gave herself one moment's rest, then crept, ever repeating Annie's name, through the thick rubbish and bushes. She heard no sound; a stillness as of death reigned, and only a light evening breeze stirred the leaves.

Then something moved quite close to her, and she heard a half-suppressed "Hatchee!"

"God bless you!" cried she, and nodded towards the spot whence came the sound.

At this moment, she saw a little old woman, with a gray cloak and a curiously-formed headgear, slowly ascending the mountain.

"Shall I help you, my good old woman?" asked Asta, kindly offering her her hand.

The old woman took it, and sneezed.

"Bless you! Lean upon me; I am quite strong."

The old woman leaned her sharp elbow in Asta's soft hand, and panted on, still sneezing.

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"Bless you, good woman! You seem not well; is it not so?"

The old woman nodded, placed herself with some difficulty on a stone, and looked at Asta right sorrowfully; she seemed too exhausted for anything except another "Hatchee!" which resounded for the fourth time.

Asta was scarcely conscious that she was as quick with her friendly "Bless you," as the old woman was with her sneezing, for she only thought of Annie.

"Have you seen a dear little girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, good woman?" asked she.

"Hatchee!" was the answer.

"Bless you! See, now, that was my little sister, whom I am seeking. I am almost dead with fear, and I must leave you alone to look for her; afterwards I will come to you, and help you down the mountain."

The old woman nodded kindly, and pointed towards the vaults.

"You mean the little one is there?" asked Asta.

The curious old woman nodded and sneezed.

"Bless you! wait an instant; I will make haste, and then help you down."

She hastened over the loose stones, and as she

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bent to enter the shattered wall, she again heard a sneeze.

Friendly elfs must have watched over the pious Asta, for, without the least impatience, she turned her head, once more smilingly saluted the old woman with her hand, and uttered a friendly "Bless you." Then she entered the deep, vaulted cellar. But, O wonder! here was no rubbish, no stone-heap; no unwholesome air greeted her. A wide hall covered with marble tiles lay before her. Trembling, she stepped on, and saw, under a blooming bush of white May flowers, Annie lying quietly asleep.

Asta hastened towards her, and tried to touch her arm, when a strange rustling and whispering arose; Asta's arms fell wearily, they embraced the little one, and both slept.

An hour might have passed, and the sun had just set, when mother Hutta hastened up the mountain. She led her weeping boy by the hand, and looked sad and troubled.

She called first "Asta," and then "Annie," and finally, quite exhausted, entered the dark vault. But no, there was no darkness. Clear and shining the marble hall stood before her eyes, and the maidens slept peacefully under the May flowers; a little casket of shining stones rested in Asta's hand.

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Mother Hutta understood it at once, and, with a cry of delight, awoke the children.

Great indeed were the joy and astonishment of all. Conrad's eyes again shone cheerfully, for now was there hope for him.

By the next morning all the May flowers on the mountain had faded; indeed, it is said they have never bloomed so luxuriantly as of old, for the little gray woman had no longer need to watch over them, or over the treasure which remained with Asta and her dear ones.

Conrad was soon cured, for he could now obtain a physician and strengthening remedies; and with health returned serenity and cheerfulness.

Hutta, too, soon again was blooming, and her eyes beaming with happiness.

But the happiest was Asta, for now indeed had she been enabled to repay the true love of her foster-mother.

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MOTHER INGEBORG AND HER CHILDREN.

A TALE.

On the western coast of Zealand lies a small village, almost entirely inhabited by fishermen, sailors, and some poor tradesmen. Though the village is small, its situation is indescribably charming, for the white houses rise as on terraces from a considerable hill, and while some stand entirely upon the summit, others are so far below, that, in stormy weather, the waves of the sea almost beat against the windows.

It was a misty night in autumn, not far from the morning hour, for a faint rosy line in the east showed that the day would soon break, although the immediate neighborhood seemed as yet veiled in thick darkness. Profound quiet reigned in the village, only broken by the dashing of the waves upon the shore; unruffled by any storm, they lazily rocked a little boat to and fro, whose chain was broken, and which, now at the mercy of the waves, gradually receded from the shore.

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A solitary lamp still burned in one of the topmost houses, and its faint gleam came mournfully through the little round leaded window.

This lonely light shone upon a troubled mother, who could not rest for thinking upon a beloved child, and who, while all rejoiced in refreshing sleep, employed the night in work and prayer.

And yet Frau Ingeborg was a right happy mother, for Heaven had sent her two excellent children; but her only son, Arwid, was to leave her the next day to go among strangers, for in his home there was no prospect of his acquiring the knowledge necessary for his support as a man, nor had his mother the means of furnishing it to him.

The village clock struck five. Frau Ingeborg closed the book of devotion in which she had hitherto read, wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, to hide, if possible, all traces of her tears, and began, with renewed energy, to knit at the warm woollen shawl with which she wished to surprise her son.

The door opened gently; a fresh, rosy-cheeked girl of about twelve years old glided lightly in, as if wishing to disturb no one, and stood astonished at the sight of her mother, whom she believed still sleeping. She said, sadly,

"Ah, mother, you are awake, and will not allow yourself the two hours' morning sleep of which you

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stand so much in need. See, it is quite in vain that I sought secretly to finish Arwid's shawl, for it is ready without me."

"I thank you for your good will, Lena," answered Frau Ingeborg. "I am at the last row, and before Arwid wakes, his travelling garment will be done. But you remember your promise, my child?"

"Certainly, mother," replied Lena; "we have determined to seem quite serene and composed before Arwid, so as to make his parting easier."

Lena, at these words, repressed a tear, then set in order the simple furniture of the room; but nothing pleased her, and tear after tear streamed from her eyes as she went out to bring the breakfast.

The mother sat still and composed, but with an unutterably troubled heart. Her work was ended, her unusually busy hands rested idly upon her lap, and, after she had extinguished her lamp, she looked, as if without thought, into vacancy.

Suddenly she felt herself embraced; Arwid's arms were round her, and Arwid's lips pressed a warm kiss upon hers.

"Be consoled, dear mother; remember, I will soon come home," said the son. "Look out upon the sea; the mist is rising, and you can see the masts of the vessel which is to bear me away.

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O, think, mother! I may return in a year, perhaps in a half-year, and you will see the stately Fortuna sailing back. How gladly you will hasten with Lena to the strand, and I will embrace you so joyfully. O, then will all the pain of parting be forgotten; for it is nothing in comparison with such pleasure. I shall then be a sailor, perhaps a steersman ——"

"A steersman in one year?" laughed Frau Ingeborg, somewhat consoled by the cheerful courage of Arwid, to whom no air-castle seemed too lofty when he could build it for his mother's consolation. "No, my son, that will need at least four years, and God grant that I may see you before that time. To be the steersman, the pilot of a ship, one must be a man, and not a boy."

Arwid blushed a little, and then said, gently, "It is true, my fourteen years will be to me for some time a stumbling-block."

"On the contrary, my child, they can only bring you the happy conviction that, if God so wills, you have the greater portion of your life before you, which you must employ in rendering yourself useful, and in fulfilling the wishes and desires of your mother, so that in future you may not have to look back with bitterness and sorrow upon that youth which now seems so much in the way, because it detains you from the desired goal."

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"You are right, good mother," answered the son, affectionately. "I am a foolish boy, but, believe me, I have not forgotten the duties which lie nearest me, nor that I must work hard and learn much before I have any right to draw such alluring pictures. But only see how pleasant it is to think that I can take care of you and Lena, that you need not be troubled to find us food, robbing yourself of your sleep to provide for us the necessaries of life. That often made me very sad, mother!"

"Think not of us, my good Arwid," replied Frau Ingeborg, while the tears ran down her cheeks; "Lena is now strong and active; she can from henceforth help me much, for our wants are not great, and your letters, with Lena's pleasant ways, will make us happy. You must be quite unconcerned on our account."

"And you on mine!" cried Arwid, eagerly. "God will protect us all. He has certainly heard your and our prayers, and I feel no dread of the future."

"And you will remember my wishes, Arwid?"

"Assuredly, mother; you would rather see me a merchant than a steersman. It certainly is more alluring for me to live free and unfettered upon the glorious ocean than to stand behind a counter; but I will yield my will to yours, if, during the

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three months I am to remain in Amsterdam, I am offered a position with a merchant, rather than one on shipboard."

A warm embrace closed this conversation.

Day had now fully broken, and the sun seemed as if wishing to conciliate the sad night, for he stood upon the horizon, with his blazing shield gilding the dark clouds. The Fortuna — the name of the ship bound to Amsterdam — lay quietly at anchor, and the light boats rocked in the fresh morning wind blowing over the water. Busy life reigned in the village and on the ship, where the sailors were working and singing, preparing all for the departure, while the captain cried,

"Make haste, my boys; we shall have a good voyage; the breeze blows fresh from the land, and to all appearances will soon be still stronger."

Meanwhile the three sat at breakfast, fearing to speak lest their voices should betray their inward emotion. Many tears flowed secretly into the coffee. Finally, Lena could endure it no longer; sobbing loudly; she pressed her hand to her eyes, and hastened out.

Frau Ingeborg at last recovered herself.

"We must part, my son," said she. "Go, then, with your mother's blessing, into the strange land; do not forget my teachings; and farewell, my dear, my only son!"

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Arwid sank weeping on his knees; his mother laid her hand in blessing upon his head, then, with an effort, he tore himself from mother and sister, and hastened to the strand.

"Will you go down with me, Lena?" said Frau Ingeborg, after a pause. "I would so like to see him depart, and, perhaps, be able once more to recommend him to the captain."

The mother and daughter descended with unsteady steps. The ship was just about sailing. The sailors sang a joyful parting song. Arwid, his handkerchief before his eyes, leaned against the ship's railing, and longingly extended his arms towards his dear ones. Then was heard the order of the captain; three cannon shots broke the quiet of the morning, and the Fortuna sailed away, at first slowly, then faster and faster, over the immeasurable ocean plain.

The letter of recommendation possessed by Arwid was addressed to the flourishing trading house of Mr. Joseph Vanderdecken, in Amsterdam. Arwid's father, George Steerfort, had, in his early youth, been a pilot on board a merchant vessel; the ship, laden with goods, sailed for the Antilles, bearing with her the young Joseph Vanderdecken, who hoped to sell or exchange profitably, on the other side of the Atlantic, the ship's

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cargo, which mainly belonged to his father. The mild and quiet Joseph during the long voyage became much attached to the active and cheerful Steerfort, often passing whole hours on the deck in the moonlight, listening to his lively songs and tales. As they returned, they landed on a small island in search of water; Vanderdecken, who was tired of the idleness to which his ignorance of nautical matters condemned him, wandered, lost in dreams, while the sailors were busily engaged, through the thick undergrowth and tangled wilds of the island, without observing that he was going farther and farther from the shore. The ship's captain, who thought him in the cabin, after laying in his supply of water, gave the signal for departure, when Steerfort fortunately missed the young merchant. All their shouting and blowing of horns was fruitless; even the well-known departing volley, which resounded as thunder through the still air, had no effect; and hour after hour passed away without a sign of Vanderdecken. Several sailors, Steerfort among the rest, dispersed, well armed, in various directions through the desolate island.

Steerfort wandered in vain; ever calling loudly upon Vanderdecken's name, no sound but the echo answered to his words. Night came on. A violent wind blew from the sea, and the waves

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dashed wildly against the rocky shore. Midnight came, and still no trace of the lost one. The sailors assembled on board the ship, and finally concluded to wait until morning before recommencing their search. But an indescribably anxious feeling gave Steerfort no peace, and, furnished with a sabre, pistols, and a lighted lantern, he again began his hitherto fruitless search.

He made his way with great difficulty through the thorny bushes, and often left great pieces of his clothes upon the brambles, while his face and hands were torn and bleeding. For a time he met with no better success; at last he thought he heard, through the stillness of the night, a faint groaning. He followed the sound, which gradually became more certain and more doleful, until, just at the break of day, he saw, lying at the foot of a steep rock, Vanderdecken's form, which seemed to be writhing in great pain. George hastened to him, and the young merchant related, with feeble accents, how he had mounted upon the rock to enjoy the fine view, when the loose stones gave way beneath his feet, and he had fallen into the abyss, where he had now lain during many hours, half unconscious through the great loss of blood, and had almost lost the hope that he would be discovered and rescued.

Steerfort lifted the half-fainting young man

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upon his shoulder, and bore him with some difficulty to the ship, where he was greeted with great joy, and where the surgeon dressed so skilfully Vanderdecken's deep but not dangerous wounds, as also Steerfort's many scratches, that both patients after a few days were again quite well.

From that time Joseph Vanderdecken felt bound to Steerfort by a tie of gratitude which no time could weaken. He soon after undertook his father's business, and, as he was rich and unincumbered, he spared no means to induce Steerfort to settle in Amsterdam. But the latter loved too well his home, where he was accustomed to rest after his long voyages, to yield to such a proposition. He maintained a constant interchange of letters with Vanderdecken, who never passed by the coast of Zealand without visiting his friend; and once, as he dandled the little Arwid upon his knee, he said, laughing, "You must send the boy to me in Amsterdam, George; I will take care of him."

Years passed, and from a long voyage to the west coast of Africa, Steerfort never returned; he died of one of the fevers incident to that unhealthy climate, and his devoted wife found her only consolation in her devotion and piety, and in the possession of her children, who henceforth made her greatest earthly happiness. It became

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necessary for her to labor with her hands in order to find food for herself and her little ones.

Vanderdecken, whose rich presents frequently soothed her sometimes distressed condition, renewed his offer to take care of Arwid.

But Frau Ingeborg could not make up her mind to part from her son, then but ten years old. But now that he was fourteen, she wrote herself to Vanderdecken, and offered to send the boy to him, if he still desired to have him.

She received a favorable answer, and we have already seen how Arwid, accompanied by her blessing, sailed for Amsterdam.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred during the voyage; Arwid, who had inherited from his father an unspeakable preference for a sea life, endeavored to make himself as useful as possible, and his desire for knowledge, as well as the cheerful readiness with which he executed the captain's little commands, made him so dear to the latter, that he once said,

"It is a great pity, boy, that you are only a passenger; you belong to the sea; believe me, it is your element! If you wish it, I will gladly take you as cabin-boy. I will answer for it, you will soon be a sailor, and then a steersman, perhaps even the captain of a vessel! Consider it well, and, if

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you like, we will stay two days in Amsterdam, make our bow to Mr. Vanderdecken, and then sail away to Cadiz!"

Arwid's eyes shone, but he bethought himself quickly, and said,

"I have promised my mother not to act rashly, and to follow Mr. Vanderdecken's advice as to my future life; but if it would please him, I—"

"I would certainly carry you off on my return, my good fellow; that is a bargain!" cried the captain, gayly. "You are right to follow your mother's desires; that is your duty. But when I arrive with my cargo of Spanish wines, I will ask whether you are ready to begin your apprenticeship under Stephen Brandner, on his beautiful Fortuna."

As the Fortuna entered the harbor of Amsterdam, Arwid's eyes, beaming with delight, rested upon the innumerable vessels, and then fell upon the great buildings which shone before him enlightened by the mid-day sun.

"Am I to live here — here in this immense city?" asked Arwid, sorrowfully.

"Ah, well, my lad! there are many sad hearts in this Amsterdam," laughed Brandner; "but don't be discouraged; you are not here alone and helpless, as I was in my youth. But I will take leave of you now, for when it comes to unlading the

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vessel, I shall have no time. Here is your trunk, which Jack shall take ashore for you, where one of Vanderdecken's servants will meet you, if not himself. I will probably sail away towards evening, but will be back in from eight to ten weeks, when I will ask for you; meantime, farewell, and should you be in any want, remember that Stephen Brandner is in earnest with you, and that the Fortuna is a capital ship; and now, God bless you!"

With these words, the honest mariner shook Arwid's hand, and turned away quickly, not to see the tears in the boy's eyes.

The ship lay at anchor. Arwid could scarcely make his way through the crowd of people that pressed around the ship, partly from curiosity, and partly on business. Jack, a great giant of a sailor, who carried Arwid's trunk, made his way in no gentle manner, pushing right and left with his sharp elbows, and said,

"Follow me, youngster; don't be afraid of your thumps, and take care of your skin. Vanderdecken's lackeys might have been here long ago, but such elegant gentlemen are never in a hurry."

However, no messenger appeared from Vanderdecken's, and after waiting some time, Jack said,

"They probably did not expect the ship so

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soon. Now pay attention, and I will tell you what you must do; for you see I can stay here no longer, but must go back to the ship. I will leave your trunk in this office, where you can get it when you like; and now mind what I say to you: — you must go up this street until you come to the end, then turn to the right, when you will soon see a long, gray garden wall, which you must again leave to the right. When you have reached the end, you will see a broad street before you, in the middle of which stands a great stone building, with a huge dolphin carved in gray stone over the door. The Vanderdeckens live there; it is scarcely twenty minutes' walk from here, and you cannot go astray."

Jack then hurried back to the ship, and Arwid, after leaving his trunk at the office, and receiving a check for it, went on his way with a beating heart. He found the designated garden wall, and turned so that he kept it to his right. But, having reached its termination, he found, to his dismay, that three equally large streets commenced there.

"Which can it be?" asked he to himself, looking carefully around.

But he had truly no means of deciding, and after a few moments, said, "Now, I will ask some one."

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Just then a neatly-dressed servant girl passed him; he took off his cap politely and said, modestly,

"Do you know, young woman, where the house of the merchant Vanderdecken is?"

The girl opened her eyes at him, and said, shrugging her shoulders,

"Kannitverstan" (I do not understand). She then hastened on.

"What a queer speech this Dutch is!" said Arwid sadly to himself. "Come, I will search for the stone dolphin patiently; there cannot be many of them."

He began with the right side of the middle street, and, not finding what he sought, came back on the left. But in vain; he saw no dolphin.

If Arwid's mind had been somewhat less disturbed he would certainly have seen, with great joy, the stirring life in the streets, and have admired the noble buildings, like so many palaces. But he observed nothing of all this, and fastened his eyes upon the house doors alone, where, as is often the case in old cities, occasional stone figures were carved; but the one desired was not to be found.

His search in the second street was also vain, and to his oft-repeated question he received but one answer:

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"Kannitverstan!"

Finally, he entered the third street, and who can describe his joy as he perceived a large stone building in the middle of the same, with an immense dolphin watching over the door, staring at him with its great stone eyes!

"I have found it!" cried he joyfully, and pulled the bell of the well-barred door.

He heard the bell sounding through the house, but some moments of anxious waiting elapsed before the door was opened by an old servant, dressed in a dark livery, who said to him in French,

"What do you want, boy?"

Arwid fortunately understood that language, and could speak it with tolerable fluency; he answered,

"The house of Mr. Joseph Vanderdecken; is this not it?"

"Yes;—well, what is your business?"

"I would like to see him."

"That you cannot do."

"Good God! and why not?"

"Why not? Are you such a stranger here, boy, that you do not know why half Amsterdam is in mourning? Mr. Joseph Vanderdecken died some fourteen days since."

"Dead! Almighty God! Mr. Joseph Vanderdecken dead!" cried the boy.

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He stood still an instant, then shook his head, and said with a forced smile,

"It can — it cannot be; we do not understand each other!"

"You are as pale as death!" said the old servant compassionately, leading the boy in to the ground-floor of the house.

Arwid accompanied him willingly and only repeated in a mournful tone, "Poor mother! poor Lena!"

"I see," continued the old man, "that you are one of those who have lost a protector in Mr. Vanderdecken; console yourself, for you have many to mourn with you, for many have in him lost a benefactor."

"And he is really, really dead?" asked the boy.

"Some two weeks ago, he went to bed quite well, and said to me, before going to sleep, 'Francis, it will soon be gayer with us; I expect a little adopted son, the child of a dead friend.'"

"From Zealand? Was it not from Zealand?" cried the excited boy.

"So it was, my son."

"O, I am he! Those loving words were said of me."

"They were his last," continued Francis, much moved. "The next morning I went as usual into

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his chamber, and found him apparently asleep; his hands were folded as if in prayer, and he must have had a stroke of apoplexy, for he never again unclosed his eyes."

"Ah, all is over for me!" said Arwid, sadly. "What can I do, alone and friendless, in this great city? And I cannot go home."

"Poor boy!" said Francis, pityingly. "Be not so down-hearted; something certainly can be done for you. A distant relative is the only heiress to Mr. Vanderdecken's property, as he died without a will. She had already riches enough, and will be as stingy with this inheritance as with her former wealth. True, she offered to take me into her service; but I prefer to return with my little savings to France, that I may die in my beloved country. So she gave me a gold watch, left by my master, and dismissed me with this sole remembrance. She will be here to-morrow. I will present you to her. Perhaps my blessed master has mentioned you to her."

Arwid received this offer thankfully, and soon found himself before a charming country-house, on whose flowery terrace walked a lady, whose stern, cold visage reflected little pleasure from the beauty around her.

Madame Vanderembden listened without softening a muscle to Francis' lively account. She

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then raised her gold eye-glass to her eyes and stared at the embarrassed Arwid; finally she said,

"My cousin Vanderdecken never mentioned any child whom he thought of adopting; he must have been joking with you, Francis."

"Not so, madame," replied Arwid, now quite self-possessed. "Mr. Vanderdecken proposed to my father during his lifetime to send me to Amsterdam. But my mother could not decide upon so doing until she was a widow; and, having no means to have me properly instructed, concluded to send me here. Mr. Vanderdecken wrote her a very friendly letter containing these words: 'Send Arwid to me; he shall never feel that his father is dead, and his mother absent from him.'"

"And where is the letter?" asked the lady.

"My mother has it."

"Ah, indeed!" continued she, with a doubting smile.

"You do not believe me, madame," said Arwid, somewhat hastily, then continued more quietly,

"O, can you think that my mother would have sent me into a strange, unknown land, without such a certain ground for hope? Only the hope that it would be for my good, softened the pain of parting, and Mr. Francis heard that I was expected."

"It is so, madame. My blessed master said to

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me, the evening before his death, while folding a letter from Zealand, with which he seemed much pleased, 'Francis, I am expecting a dear adopted son, who will aid me in my business.'"

"As I have no business," answered Madame Vanderembden, coldly, "and no position to offer to a protege, I think my cousin's death has entirely freed him from his promise."

Arwid grew pale, but Francis said, somewhat hastily,

"Madame, the boy has come all the way from Zealand in the hope of finding an asylum in Amsterdam; he has not even the means necessary for returning."

The lady made no answer, but drew forth indifferently a small purse, which she offered to Arwid with the words, "See if there be sufficient to take you back to Zealand."

Arwid blushed deeply, but made no offer to receive the purse; lifting his hat, he answered, "I will try to work my way back upon some vessel."

He and Francis left the garden quickly. Madame Vanderembden muttered something about; "beggar-pride," and continued her walk upon the terrace.

"What will you do now?" asked Francis, interrupting Arwid's mournful silence.

"O, I have one friend left!" cried the latter,

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hopefully, "Captain Brandner; but I must hasten to the harbor. Will you not receive my warmest thanks for your kindness? I will leave Amsterdam and sail for Cadiz."

Francis shook him by the hand, and they parted. Arwid hurried to the harbor.

Arrived there, and casting his eyes over the numerous vessels, a most anxious feeling came over him. He seized the hand of the official who had his little trunk in charge, and said,

"O, sir, where is the Fortuna of Captain Brandner?"

"Yonder, my son!" replied the officer, calmly pointing out to him a small speck upon the horizon, scarcely recognizable as a ship.

Arwid folded his hands convulsively. "No friend, not one!" sighed he, with a broken voice.

Then broke the bright sun through the dark clouds and led his gaze upward. And there indeed was a Friend for all troubled hearts, and thence descended even now aid for the poor child.

Arwid's eyes followed fixedly the tiny speck, which was only too truly the Fortuna, until at last this also had disappeared, and he could distinguish nothing more. He dropped his hands with a deep sigh, as he said to himself,

"What can I do now?"

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"I will try first to find work in the harbor," was his determination. "The few weeks to elapse before Captain Brandner's return will pass rapidly, and then I shall be provided for. Mother and Lena will not expect a letter until the next vessel, and by that time I shall be in some situation; so they need not be uneasy concerning me."

Thus comforting himself, he looked around to see where he could offer his services.

At that moment, a young gentleman passed him with a tolerably large package in his hand, apparently looking about him for something.

Arwid, thinking he sought some one to carry the package, approached him, and said in French,

"Will you trust me to carry your package, sir?"

The young man looked at him absently for a moment, then reached him the heavy-sealed package, and said:

"Follow me, boy!"

Both hastened silently through several streets, and finally arrived at a large hotel, where the stranger seemed to live. He ran quickly up the broad marble staircase, and hurried so rapidly through a great folding-door, adorned with silken curtains, that Arwid could scarcely follow him.

They stood in a large saloon, in the middle of which sat a young lady upon a divan, caressing a lovely little girl.

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She rose suddenly, and cried,

"O, speak, Gustavus! What news do you bring me?"

The young gentleman embraced her, and answered, while he took the package out of Arwid's hands,

"Here, my Cecilia, are letters from France; but I have not read them yet."

The lady broke the seal hastily, and, trembling, took a letter and two large portraits from the package.

Arwid, meanwhile, stood there, quite embarrassed. He seemed to have been entirely forgotten, and, even if he expected no great reward for his trouble, yet the benevolent face of the young man had inspired him with such confidence, that he had determined to relate his history to him. But now he was overlooked, for the young couple were completely absorbed in the letter, and he neither ventured to disturb them, nor to go without taking leave.

While he so stood, the pretty child approached him with noiseless steps, looked at him curiously, then raised her hands caressingly towards him, and said, "Take me!"

Arwid, quite delighted, stooped down and lifted her up in his arms, while he softly asked,

"What is your name, my little angel?"

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"Milly!" answered the child, laying her curly head upon Arwid's shoulder; "come and play a little with me!"

Meanwhile the young lady read the letter aloud; it was from an early friend in Rouen, Cecilia's birth-place, and ran thus,

"Rouen, —— ——

"My dear Cecilia:—I received with the greatest joy your letter informing me that you still lived, for since you left Europe with your husband I have heard nothing of you. I am delighted to welcome you back to Europe, but sorry that I can give you no better news from here.

"You ask me with much love for your uncle, from whom you have not heard during so long a time. Your uncle left Rouen shortly after your marriage, to settle, as he said, in Germany. According to later information, he must have changed his plan, and have gone to the Hague; but I know nothing certainly. When he sold his property, with all his furniture, I bought at the auction his picture and his wife's, which I send you, knowing how dear they will be to you. My advice is, that you should first go to the Hague with your husband. I will seek for more information in Rouen, and write to you soon again, until when farewell, and believe me, with truest affection,

"Your Josepha de S."

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"O, if I could only find my dear uncle!" said the young lady, sadly.

"We will hope for the best, Cecilia!" answered her husband; "so prepare for the journey, and we will leave Amsterdam in a few hours."

At these words, he turned and saw Arwid on the carpet with his little daughter, making a wooden toy perform such droll leaps that the child fairly shook with laughter.

"Ah, you are still there, my boy!" said the gentleman, somewhat confused that the reading of the letter had not been without witnesses. "I had quite forgotten you."

"I wished to leave the room," said Arwid, frankly, "because I felt the lady would not have read the letter aloud, had she been aware of my presence, but the child begged me so kindly to play with her, and I did not wish to depart without taking leave. But you may be sure, sir, that I will never misuse what I have heard."

"I have no doubt of that, my boy," answered the lady, gently, "and since you have taken a part in our conversation, it is only reasonable you should share our supper. You seem much tired."

Arwid's mind again reverted to his melancholy position, and he answered sadly, "Ah! I am so alone, so helpless in this great city."

"Are you too a stranger here?" asked she, sympathizingly.

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Arwid took heart, and told his story.

"Poor boy!" said she, after he had finished, "you are much to be pitied; and where do you think you will wait for the return of the ship?"

"I will remain here, madame."

"But have you any idea what dangers threaten you in the midst of so large and corrupt a city?" asked the gentleman.

"But I know no other way. I cannot go back to Zealand without having earned something for mother and sister."

"If we were not such strangers here, Gustavus," said she, turning to her husband, "we might do something for the boy."

"O, stay here! stay here!" begged the little one, stroking her father's hand. "He loves Milly, and plays nicely with her."

"If our home were here, my Camilla, I would willingly heed your request," answered the mother, taking the child upon her knee; "but by to-morrow morning we shall be far away," continued she, sadly.

"Indeed, I know not what to do," said her husband.

"But you will not refuse to take from me, as you did from Madame Vanderembden, a little present or loan,— call it what you will. You can, with labor and economy, live six or eight

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weeks without actual want; and hereafter, when you have made your fortune ——"

"O, then I can pay my debt!" cried the thankful Arwid, kissing the hand which offered him the purse; "but where must I write to?"

The lady smiled at the boy's eagerness to repay his debt; then answered, while she gave him a strip of paper:

"Here is the address of my friend in Rouen. You can always learn Gustavus Rossin's whereabouts from her, and when you have become a great sailor or merchant, and we should be still in Europe, you can visit us, and return the extensive loan. But, should this never happen, do not let it distress you; for we are glad to be able to do you a little service."

After Arwid, now quite encouraged, had partaken with them of their supper, they parted. A carriage with two gay post-horses stood before the door. Arwid placed the little Camilla in it, who nestled down by her father; he drew his cloak around her, and then shook hands with the boy.

The horses started; Cecilia nodded friendlily; the carriage rolled swiftly down the street. Arwid's eyes followed it until out of sight, when the dark, stormy night warned him to seek some shelter. He sighed softly over his loneliness, and then had himself shown into the most modest

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room in the hotel, where he soon slept, and lived over in his dreams the occurrences of the day.

It was long the next morning before he could fix himself. He held all, especially his last adventure, for a dream; but the little blue purse lay on the table before him as a proof of its certainty. He loosed the string of the purse, and found in it six bright ducats.

"Three are for mother and Lena," reckoned he; "three I will keep, and, if the Fortuna is only eight weeks away, I shall have a thaler for each week. And who knows how much I may earn besides? O, my God! how good thou art to me, to bring me in the way of such kind people! Ah, if I could only some time see them again!"

After he had paid his modest reckoning, he left his little room, and returned towards the harbor.

On his way, he passed Mr. Vanderdecken's house, and entered, to see his good friend Francis once more.

He found him dressed for a journey, and strove to allay his astonishment by relating to him his adventures.

"If I had the means, I would take you with me to France," said the good old man; but, alas! three orphaned children of my nephew await me there, with whom I must share my little earnings;

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but this does not hinder me from being heartily glad to see you again; and it just occurs to me that I can show you over the house, as Madame Vanderembden's steward does not come until towards noon."

Arwid followed him gladly up the broad stone steps, and entered with a kind of holy awe the beautiful, but deserted and quiet rooms.

With what feelings must he not have walked through the noble halls in which he was to have lived! One light tear after another rolled down his cheeks as he looked sadly upon all the splendor.

The last of the rooms had been Mr. Vanderdecken's study, and over the sofa hung two portraits.

"O, that is Mr. Vanderdecken!" cried Arwid, standing with folded hands before the portrait.

"Yes," replied Francis; "and I am glad you recognized him, my lad. The other picture represents his best friend, a Mr. St. Girard, who lived formerly in France, but now dwells near Amsterdam. But see; there lies the blessed master's pocket-handkerchief!"

So saying, the old man took a large handkerchief from the mantel-piece, and continued:

"You see, youngster, a few days before Mr. Vanderdecken's death, I inadvertently dropped

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some oil upon the handkerchief, and, as I was making my excuse, the good master said, 'Keep it for yourself, Francis!' I forgot to take it with me, and, as I have no desire to leave it to Madame Vanderembden, I give it to you as a remembrance of your master; and, truly, it is not a very perishable one, for it is made of palm-fibres from the East Indies, and is stronger than twisted hemp."

Arwid took the handkerchief thankfully, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket. At that moment Madame Vanderembden's steward entering, he took a heartfelt leave of the old servant, and went on his way to the harbor in search of work.

After a few hours, Francis left Amsterdam to revisit his beautiful France.

Arwid, arrived at the harbor, entered the office to request his little trunk might be retained during a few days.

The office was filled with men, talking, laughing, and quarrelling with each other.

At the moment when Arwid approached the official, a powerful man shook the latter by the hand, and said,

"Farewell, friend Martin!"

The other returned the pressure, and replied,

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"A pleasant voyage to Zealand, Captain John!"

"To Zealand?" asked Arwid, trembling. "Are you going to Zealand, sir?"

"Yes, my lad. Why do you ask?"

A hard struggle arose in Arwid's soul. He had the passage-money; he needed only to will it, and in a few days he would again embrace mother and sister; but how would he return? He had earned nothing, and learned nothing.

"No, no; I ought not to go back!" said he to himself, and then added aloud,

"O, sir! do you stop at the village of J——, on the west coast of Zealand?"

"Yes, my lad."

"I have there a mother and sister. Will you take a letter to them?"

"Certainly," answered the sailor good-naturedly, handing him a pen and a bit of paper; "but make haste, for in ten minutes I must be off."

Arwid hastily took out his little purse, enclosed four of the ducats in the paper, and wrote,

"I have but a few moments to send you a greeting, my dear mother and Lena! Your Arwid is well, and sends you this money which was easily earned, but which is the first he has received in Amsterdam. I will soon write more. Farewell!

"Your Arwid."

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After the official had put a little seal on the letter, Captain John took it and hastened to the strand, followed by the boy, who wished to see the vessel sail.

After a few moments, the stately three-master was at sea, followed by a thousand blessings sent by Arwid to his home.

At this moment he felt some one strike him upon the shoulder. He turned, and saw a tall, bearded man, whom he had already seen in the office, and who addressed him as follows:

"Holloa, my lad! You stare into the sea as if you would look into its very depths. What is the matter with you?"

"Ah, my eyes follow a ship sailing towards my home!" answered the boy sadly.

"Whom have you here in Amsterdam?" asked the man.

"No one. I am alone," replied Arwid.

"And what seek you?"

"Work."

"And where?"

"If possible, on shipboard."

"I will give it to you. I am the captain of a merchant vessel about to sail for the south."

"Possibly towards Spain?"

"Certainly, my son."

"O my God! Perhaps to Cadiz?"

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"Exactly so," was the stranger's answer.

"Perhaps you know Captain Stephen Brandner?"

"Perhaps I do; he is my best friend."

"Now see, sir," continued Arwid, eagerly, "Captain Brandner has already engaged me; but if you are going to Cadiz, and will take me with you, I might surprise him there, and I will willingly work for my passage."

"Have you no money?"

"Only two ducats and some loose change," replied the imprudent boy.

"Um! But no matter for that; if you will work, it shall be so."

"And where is your ship, sir?"

"Yonder, where the Russian flag floats from that three-master. Do you see?"

"O, yes sir; it is almost the last ship. May I go with you?"

"I have not the time, now, boy. Be here again about eight o'clock, when I will take you to my house, that you may not be belated; for we sail to-morrow at daybreak."

"And, if I am industrious, you will praise me to Captain Brandner?" asked Arwid, confidingly.

"Truly, my lad; and now farewell; you must be here at eight."

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Arwid, much pleased, lifted his cap, and went his way to spend the remainder of the day in seeing Amsterdam.

As, during the evening, he passed Mr. Vanderdecken's house, he saw it all lighted up, the hall door open, and one elegant equipage after another rolling into the court.

He hurried by.

Scarcely had eight o'clock sounded, than the stranger, who was called Captain Tom, approached and said,

"You must get your trunk; here is a servant who will take it to my dwelling."

This was done, and the two, chatting gayly, passed through a number of streets, and finally stopped, in a narrow lane, before a two-story house.

After much knocking the door opened, and, when they had entered, was immediately closed.

They stepped into a large, plainly-furnished room, lighted by several oil lamps. Eight men sat together and played cards, while the others talked and smoked.

"Welcome, Captain Tom!"

"Good evening, lads," answered he, condescendingly; and, turning to Arwid, continued, "Don't be troubled by curious looks,—seamen are often somewhat rough,—and never mind their talk.

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Sit down by the stove, and you shall have some supper. Holloa, Lena!"

A pale girl, about thirteen years old, answered this call, and brought out, in obedience to a command, potatoes and mutton chops.

Arwid sat near the stove, and, while the captain went to the gamesters, looked shyly round the room.

The rough curses of the seamen hurt his ear; the smoky chamber seemed to him comfortless, and as the girl at this moment entered, he said to her, friendlily,

"Your name is Lena?"

"Yes," answered she, looking mournfully upon him. "Why do you ask?"

"Ah! I have a dear sister at home, named Lena," replied the boy, gently.

"O, why did you leave your home?" said she quickly, but in a whisper.

"What are you prating about, there?" was heard now in the captain's loud tones, as he suddenly came nearer.

"I was telling the maiden that I have a dear sister at home, whose name is also Lena."

"So! — Lena, bring a bottle of port wine."

Arwid thought it excellent, and, as he was very tired, he soon followed the captain, who led him

ghboring room, and said to him,

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"Now go to sleep, my lad; you must be off by five o'clock to-morrow."

Arwid was alone. A strange feeling of disquiet took possession of him. The curses and rude laughter penetrated even here, and annoyed him. He looked carefully around, and approached the little window.

The moon was up, and he could see quite distinctly over the neighborhood.

The window looked upon a broad street, through which flowed a shallow canal; opposite were only some large buildings, surrounded, apparently, by gardens; but, as this portion of the view lay in deep shadows, he could distinguish nothing clearly.

He was just about stepping back from the window, when he saw a dark figure lurking on the other side of the street, and at the same moment a stone fell at his feet.

Arwid bent in surprise, raised it, and found round it a paper.

He went nearer the lamp, and read the following words, traced with a pencil, almost illegibly:

"Save yourself, if you can! You are in fearful danger. Captain Tom is a slave-trader, and, when he once has you upon the open sea, will take you to some strange land, rob you, and sell you like a brute. Save yourself; time presses. Do

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not betray me. Destroy this note, and, if you escape, try to free poor LENA."

Arwid stood horrified and speechless. What could he do? He ran to the window; it was almost twelve feet high. He tried the door; it was locked.

He then threw himself, in the greatest anguish, upon his knees, and prayed fervently that God would deliver him from this fearful danger.

He rose strengthened, again hurried to the window, and looked out. He searched his pockets to find something by which to let himself down, when, lo! he drew forth the handkerchief given him in the morning by Francis.

"O, my God, I thank thee!" cried he, encouraged. "Francis told me it was strong as a rope; and it will reach nearly the whole way down."

He cut the handkerchief quickly into two pieces, tied it to the window, and forced himself through the narrow space. But, in his haste, he struck his elbow against the pane, which broke with a crash.

In mortal fear, he sprang out. He fell to the ground unhurt, and rose quickly; but a single glance convinced him that Captain Tom stood at the window above. Arwid took to flight, and

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heard behind him the captain calling his comrades to the pursuit.

On he hurried, but soon footsteps fell upon his ear. He called loudly for help; but no one answered,— all was still as death. From no window streamed a friendly light, and the moon alone shone upon the empty street.

Arwid, in despair, turned first to the right, then to the left. Tom was close behind him, and the boy felt his breath leaving him. He had reached the bank of the canal. Tom was almost at his heels. He thought himself lost, but, gathering all his strength, sprang into the water.

A heavy splash warned him that his pursuer still followed him. Arwid was an excellent swimmer, and soon reached the other side.

"I can go no further," groaned he, exhausted; "I must give up! Almighty God, do not desert me!"

At this moment a light gleamed from one of the garden houses. He panted on, but could hear behind him the loud breathing of the enraged Tom.

But he had seen rightly. By the wicket-gate of one of the gardens stood two old gentlemen, apparently taking leave of each other. A servant-boy held a lantern.

With a cry, Arwid stretched out his arms; only a few steps more — but then the gentlemen

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parted, and the servant prepared to close the gate. Poor Arwid gave a loud groan, pushed back the half-shut door, rushed into the garden, and cried, despairingly,

"Save me! save me! they will kill me!" He then fell fainting to the earth.

At that moment Tom's dark head was seen also entering, but the servant quickly bolted the gate. A curse burst from the disappointed slave-dealer, and — Arwid was saved.

The active servant lifted him carefully, the old gentleman himself carried the lantern, and both hastened to the house.

Arwid was undressed and put to bed; but his head burned with a high fever, and he could only speak in delirious accents.

"Frank, bring a doctor at once. The poor boy is in the greatest danger; he has been hunted almost to death."

This was done; but, in spite of the greatest care, Arwid fell into a violent nervous fever. His benevolent deliverer sat for weeks by his bedside, striving to dissipate with gentle speech his strange fancies.

"You will sell me; I know it!" cried the boy, sometimes, in his delirium.

"Not so, my boy," replied his benefactor, tenderly; "we are all good to you."

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Arwid looked at him inquiringly, and then continued, quickly,

"But I saw how the little Camilla was on the ship, and how they tore out her golden locks; and there were two Lenas,— one was pale and wept, the other had rosy cheeks, and said she must go to Amsterdam, to Mr. Vanderdecken."

"Vanderdecken!" cried the gentleman. "How did you know him, boy?"

"Yes, you see," whispered the boy, mysteriously, "he had a great ship, and was about sailing for Spain, when the mother wept, and said, 'Farewell, Arwid, we will soon meet again.'"

The gentleman, much touched, turned away, and said, "If you are indeed that Arwid, you shall soon see your mother again."

"And then Francis wanted to tie himself to a handkerchief, but the beautiful lady, named Cecilia, would not suffer it, and said, 'Gustavus, give him only the gold pieces.'"

"Great God, boy, what names you utter! Speak, who is then called so?"

Arwid made no answer. He fell, exhausted, into a deep sleep; but, when he awoke, the crisis so much feared by the physician, was over, and a second time was the boy saved.

But it was long before Arwid rallied, and the

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winter's snow began to melt ere he could leave his bed for the first time.

With tearful thanks, he leaned upon his deliverer, who himself guided his feeble steps and aided him into his study.

Exhausted by the slight exertion, he sank upon a chair, and said,

"O, my kind sir! my faithless memory has just told me where I have already seen you. It was your picture I saw in Mr. Vanderdecken's room. Francis told me it represented a Mr. St. Girard."

"I am he, my boy," laughed the gentleman; "but in your delirium you mentioned the name of Vanderdecken. If not painful to you, will you tell me how you knew him?"

Arwid related the history of his life slowly, but said little of his stay in Amsterdam.

Mr. St. Girard listened attentively, then reached him his hand, and said, kindly, "Thank God, my child, that he led you to me! I was Vanderdecken's best friend, and he told me, with great delight, that he was expecting you. Remain with me, and I will consider you as a dear legacy left me by Vanderdecken."

Deeply moved, Arwid strove to kneel at his benefactor's feet, but was prevented by his great weakness. Mr. St. Girard embraced him tenderly.

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"I will write to your mother to-morrow, that she may not be uneasy concerning you."

"O, sir, you are so kind to me!" cried Arwid. "And yet I have something still to ask. What has become of the poor girl, the good Lena, who rescued me?"

"Frank shall make inquiries; but now go to your room, for you are tired."

He led him back; but, as they passed through a small hall, Arwid stopped suddenly before a portrait, and said breathlessly,

"O, there is Camilla!"

The picture represented a charming child, of about three years old, with her arms around a lamb. Mr. St. Girard wiped a tear from his eyes, and answered:

"The little one was not called Camilla; her name was Cecilia, and the picture was painted some twenty years ago."

"But Camilla's mother was called Cecilia, and had just such long, fair curls."

"Boy, whom do you mean?"

"The good gentleman that gave me the rich present."

"And the gentleman's name?"

"Was Rossin."

"Rossin!" cried Girard, breathlessly; "and where were they going?"

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"Towards the Hague, to seek the young lady's uncle, who lived formerly in Rouen."

"Great God, I thank thee!" cried St. Girard, sinking on his knees; "she lives, — my dear niece lives, and I thought her lost!

"Your niece, sir? Are you, then, the uncle whom she so longed to see?"

"She longed to see me? O, I well recognize her loving heart. Cecilia was my only happiness, my all; no father could love his child more tenderly than I loved her. About five years since there came a young merchant from Valparaiso, who learned to know and love her, and asked her hand. As she returned his affection, I could not refuse my consent, for he was a fine young man, and promised me to return to Rouen in a few years, and settle there. We parted with a thousand tears. But think of my sorrow, when I learned that the ship had foundered within sight of the American coast, and all on board had perished!

"When I had somewhat recovered from the inconsolable grief into which my loss had plunged me, I left Rouen, to spend the remainder of my days with my old friend, Vanderdecken. How we were divided you already know. But now, Arwid, I must leave you alone with Frank, for a time, for to-morrow will find me on my way to the Hague."

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A long time had passed. The first green of spring already covered the earth, and Mr. St. Girard had not yet returned. Arwid had heard from him but once. A few hasty words, dated Rouen, informed him that he was well, but that his search had, as yet, been in vain.

Arwid, meanwhile, was well cared for; the servants, among whom an old valet seemed especially devoted to him, appeared to have received from their master the order to treat him as a child of the house.

Arwid would have been very happy had he not been so anxious concerning his own family; for he had received no answer to the many letters he had written to Zealand.

One bright afternoon, while Arwid, now quite strong and well, was seated in the garden, the old valet, "Perro," came to him, and said, "My researches in the slave-dealer's house have not been fruitless. When Tom returned from his vain pursuit, he abused poor Lena, who was his niece, and on whom his suspicions had fallen, most frightfully. As early as possible the next day he sailed away with a number of his victims, but did not go far. A dreadful storm threw his vessel on a sand-bank, on the coast of Holland. Tom thought

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himself lost, when some gunshots brought a vessel to his assistance. He, doubtless, hoped that some lucky accident would prevent the strange captain from discovering his captives, who were confined between the decks. But this was not so, and Captain Tom, with his companions, was brought back to Holland. They are now in close custody, and poor Lena assured me repeatedly that only want and misery had driven her uncle to this sinful course. Should this be really so," continued Perro, "my master will hearken to Lena's prayers, and endeavor to have his punishment lightened, and himself placed in a position where he might earn an honest livelihood. Tom's house has been closed by the magistrates, and Lena will come here as a help to the cook."

This all took place. The girl soon bloomed anew with better food and treatment, and no longer could be called the pale Lena. Arwid never lost his deep sense of gratitude towards her.

A few days after the conversation just related, towards evening, a carriage rolled into the court, and stopped.

A young gentleman, in whom Arwid rapturously recognized Gustavus Rossin, sprang out. He shook him heartily by the hand, and then hastened to the assistance of his wife and Mr. St. Girard, while Arwid lifted out the delighted Ca-

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milla. Many were the mutual greetings and congratulations.

"You see, my boy," said Mr. St. Girard, with a happy smile, "God has so wonderfully ordered all, that, through the little benefit I was able to do to you, I have found my beloved niece, with her husband and child, whom I probably would never have seen again. But now you must not leave us. Gustavus will establish himself here, and after you have been well instructed, you can enter business with him, and become a merchant, as your mother desired."

"O, my dear, good mother!" cried Arwid, with emotion; "if you could only share in your son's happiness!"

"Be consoled, my child; we will soon seek for her."

"And now look at me, Arwid," said Camilla, half weeping, offering him her hands. "You will stay now with little Milly, and we will play nicely together, with all the flowers and birds in grandpapa's garden."

Arwid, enchanted, took the lovely child by the hand, and was soon again a child himself; for he remembered all the games he had played with his sister, in Zealand, and taught them to the joyous Camilla.

Cecilia soon felt herself at home in her uncle's

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house, and strove, through tenderness and love, to repay to the old man all the sorrow — truly without her will — she had caused him. The news of the loss of the ship had been false; and as all her letters to Europe had probably miscarried, and she, of course, received no answers, her husband, seeing her sadness, concluded finally to bring her home once more. The consequences are known to us.

Rossin began most industriously an extensive business, and took Arwid into his counting-house.

One evening Arwid returned quite fatigued from the counting-house, which was at some distance from the country establishment.

Camilla stood at the garden door awaiting him.

"You must come to mamma; somebody is waiting for you."

Arwid took the child in his arms, and ran sportively with her through the garden, towards Cecilia's boudoir.

He opened the door, but who can describe his rapture and delight? Before him stood mother and sister, who folded him in their arms.

"O, my child, my Arwid!" cried Frau Ingeborg, amid her tears; "have I you really once more?"

"My mother, my good, dear mother! My beloved sister!" cried the boy. He could say no more, for tears choked his voice.

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It was long before the happy ones had recovered themselves. Mr. St. Girard, Gustavus and Cecilia, were the sympathizing witnesses to this touching scene, while Milly, quite confounded with so many tears, which she did not divine were of the purest joy, sat in one corner, and cried because the rest did.

"You shall part no more," said Mr. St. Girard. "I have prepared a little house in the neighborhood for Frau Ingeborg and her daughter, which I hope will remind them of their home in Zealand. You can see them daily. They will rejoice to see you advance as an honest merchant; for, even should you take a voyage, it will scarcely be as a passenger on board Captain Brandner's good ship, the 'Fortuna.' Or would you rather?" continued he, laughing.

"O, certainly not!" replied Arwid. "Captain Brandner, who visited me yesterday for the first time, will not sail again until next month. But I will remain where I am so happy!"

And happy were they all, indeed. Magdalena; — for so we will now, for the sake of distinction, call Arwid's sister — soon arranged delightfully the neat little house, but a few hundred feet from Mr. St. Girard's, assigned to herself and her mother.

Here sat, in the beautiful summer days, by the open, vine-wreathed windows, Frau Ingeborg, who

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always watched for her son's morning greeting, as, every time he went to the counting-house, which stood in the heart of the city, he must pass his mother's dwelling.

Many years have passed since then. Gustavus Rossin has withdrawn from business, and Arwid conducts it all. The little Camilla has become a beautiful maiden, and is betrothed to Arwid.

Mr. St. Girard, although nearly eighty-six years old, is still strong and well. Cecilia's and Camilla's care have soothed his great age, and have kept him as fresh and happy as Frau Ingeborg, whose children have proved their love by unremitting attention and devotion.

Captain Tom, after having repented of his evil deeds during many years in the house of correction at Rotterdam, left that institution an altered man. He never returned to Amsterdam, but lived in a small fishing village, and supported himself by making nets and catching fish. Lena lives with him; and Mr. St. Girard, who takes much interest in both, has no reason to be uneasy on her account, as her uncle is now as mild and loving towards her as he was once harsh and cruel.

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THE TRUE SON.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

NIGHT was rapidly approaching, and the whole heaven was overspread with dark, threatening clouds, broken only by a few clear spaces, whence the blue of heaven looked down and deceived a young fisherman, who thought not of storm and tempest, but continued to throw his nets.

The fisher-boy was a young lad, with animated countenance, and intelligent dark eyes. His features were so regular and finely cut, that they seemed out of keeping with his coarse garments. Theodore — such was his name — was apparently a skilful fisher, and much pleased with his day's work; for he had ensnared a larger number than usual of the gamesome denizens of the water, and was, in consequence, uncommonly gay and cheerful.

He had been alone upon the water since the early morning, and had heard no voice but his own, as he broke forth into song, and the echo which from a neighboring defile ever repeated his last words.

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It was, in truth, very wearisome for the lively young fisherman; and, although he changed his songs continually,— now singing pious hymns, and now war-songs, even indulging in gay romances he had learned from some young squires,— yet we can well comprehend how by evening he should lose patience, and say, dejectedly,

"Yes, yes; they sound very well, all these tales of knights and lords going to Palestine to deliver our Lord's sepulchre. I can see the streaming banners of the noble host, the fiery steeds with their housings and bridles decked with silver and precious stones. O, if I could only follow when the emperor leads his bands, and see the Saracen fly, and the holy sepulchre delivered! Could I only mount a steed," cried he, with increasing animation, "and dash amid the foe, dealing death and ruin, while bringing help and safety to my own people! Ha! I should be the happiest of mortals!"

The fisher's eyes glowed; his young cheek was flushed; his whole face had in it, at this moment, something so heroic, that the nets he bore seemed not his proper burden. He looked as if he must have won his spurs, and earned the right to wield a glittering sword.

A cutting wind ruffled the surface of the water;

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the birds gathered in groups, and sent forth that anxious cry which tells of the approaching storm.

"Aha! are these your intentions, my lady-wind?" laughed Theodore, again cheerful, while he hastened to secure the boat in the little bay, where he knew it would be quite safe. He emptied his fish into a bucket filled with fresh spring water, lifted it with his nets upon his powerful shoulders, and walked homeward.

Undisturbed by the now violent wind, which whirled about the dust and rubbish, and shook threateningly the tops of the high beeches, Theodore went stoutly on his way, and sang,

"With all his hosts,
The emperor goes.
The warrior's heart
With joy o'erflows.
The knights and lords
Their blood may shed,
The warrior feels
Of death no dread,
When nobly found
On holy ground."

Ere he had finished the last words, he had reached his fisher's hut, and his mother.

"God be with you, mother!" cried he to the old woman, who sat by the hearth and warmed her thin hands over the fire.

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"Are you come at last, my son, and unharmed?" asked Frau Malena, giving him her hand.

"Unharmed! Ah, dear mother, am I made of sugar candy? Who will do me any harm? Perhaps the mermaid that dwells in yonder water!"

"Be quiet, child, and do not speak so boldly. Thank your own and your mother's prayers, that the wicked mermaid has no power over you. Indeed, perhaps, if I had not prayed so earnestly, she would have already lured you down into the abyss."

Theodore laughed, but turned away that he might not distress his mother. He himself knew no fear, nor believed in the influence of supernatural beings; but his mother had all the superstition of her age, and believed so firmly in all the tales and stories told her by other superstitious or wicked people, that nothing could win her from her foolish notions.

"Look, mother, what a fine fellow!" began Theodore anew, drawing an uncommonly large eel from his bucket.

The mother joyfully seized upon the really extraordinary animal; and now she had no thought except for reckoning how much the fish would bring in the nearest city, Constance.

"So, my son, you can go to-morrow to Con-

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stance, and see how many silver florins you can bring home. And if you often have such luck," she continued, "you may soon buy the scarlet waistcoat for which you have so long sighed."

"Never mind that, mother," replied Theodore, growing himself red as scarlet. "I gave up that desire long ago, because you thought it was vain and foolish."

"And so it was, my child," continued the old woman; "and I will go myself to Constance, because you always return with so many high-flown, sinful thoughts."

"You wrong me, mother," answered the son, sadly. "It is true that when I go into the beautiful city, with its great houses, my heart swells with joy. Ha! when they gallop past, the noble knights with waving plumes, their feet in the shining stirrups, and embroidered scarfs upon their breasts, beating high with courage and love of glory, then indeed, mother, my breast heaves too, and I would willingly follow them to strive amid the brave!".

The old woman, half-frightened, half-excited by such speeches, shook her head; but, taking an angry mien, she said,

"For shame, you dreamer! For pity's sake, do not talk such stuff in the village, or all the children will laugh at you and your old mother."

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Theodore curled his lip, and was about replying hastily; but, as he was a good son, he restrained himself before a single hard word had passed his lips. He was silent, and commenced mending his nets, while Frau Malena set her spindle aside, and seemed to forget her displeasure.

Theodore, meanwhile, filled the long pause with his favorite song, and while his skilful hands twined the meshes of the net, he sang as before,

'With all his hosts
The emperor goes.
The warrior's heart
With joy o'erflows.
The knights and lords
Their blood may shed;
The warrior feels
Of death no dread,
When nobly found
On holy ground."

Frau Malena shook her gray head, but said nothing, for so many of her own pious thoughts were mingled with Theodore's fantasies, that she could not think hardly of a son who would willingly offer blood and life to free the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel.

The storm, meanwhile, raged violently. The rain poured in torrents, and the wind shook the

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little hut, until roof and walls threatened to fall together.

Theodore drew the door-bolt, while Frau Malena told her beads, and fervently prayed for all who might be exposed, shelterless, to such a storm.

"Holloa! Ho! Can you house us for the night? We can go no further!" cried a loud voice from without.

"Be careful, Theodore; look out first," counselled the mother.

"Thunder and lightning! Are you all deaf in there? Shall the rain wash our tired bodies into the river? Open quickly."

"Na, na; only be quiet," cried the fisher-boy, shoving back the wooden bolt.

Without stood a beautiful lady, with pale cheeks and mournful eyes. She wore the simple dress of a pilgrim, with leathern girdle, and scallop-shell hat.

Her companion, an old warrior with a bristling beard, was armed to the teeth, and now hastily pushed open the creaking door.

"Enter, beautiful maiden! you will find rest and shelter here," said Theodore.

"Maiden, indeed! The lady is the wife of my master, the noble Knight of Selteneck!" cried the bearded man, pushing Theodore aside, to open

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the little door leading to the inner room, for his mistress.

Frau Malena's eyes opened wide at the strange apparition, and the good old woman bent so deeply and reverently before the noble lady, that even the old soldier laughed with satisfaction.

"Forgive me if I disturb you," said Lady Gisela of Selteneck, with such a silver-clear voice that Frau Malena might well wonder whether an angel had not entered her humble dwelling. But she was soon ashamed of such a fancy. Recovering her self-possession, she said, again curtesying,

"God be thanked, noble lady! Blessed be your sojourn in my poor house!"

"I thank you, good old woman," replied the lady, offering Frau Malena her hand, which the latter only ventured to touch with the ends of her fingers.

Lady Gisela seemed very tired, and was so wet that the water ran down in streams from the rim of her hat, and her dark hair glowed with innumerable rain-drops.

Frau Malena soon placed a simple supper before the fire, while Theodore drew his mother's old arm-chair to the hearth, and, with heartfelt words, begged the lady to be seated.

Lady Gisela acceded, but seemed to find little pleasure either in this comfort or in the genial

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warmth of the fire. She leaned her head upon her hand, and was lost in deep thought, from which she only aroused when Frau Malena set the homely dish before her with modest recommendations.

The lady's companion, on nearer acquaintance, evinced much better manners than one would have thought possible from his first words. He was a strongly-built man, of about sixty, whose features were yet firm and well cut, while his head and beard were white as snow. On his left cheek was a long scar, whose red edges showed that it had not long adorned the soldier's face, and that it belonged to a much later period than the many little scratches and gashes to be seen on his forehead and chin.

His behavior towards his mistress showed that he perfectly understood the place of a trusty and self-sacrificing servant; and Lady Gisela seemed to be entirely convinced of his truth and uprightness, as she placed in his hands a little casket containing all her jewels.

After the lady had eaten, she willingly followed the old woman, who had prepared her own bed in a neighboring room for her noble guest, and who now, with heartfelt blessings, left the apparently deeply-troubled young wife alone.

While the storm raged more and more fiercely

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without, the mother and son sat cheerily with the old soldier, who was in the best humor for relating to the listening Theodore his deeds and adventures.

"Yes, indeed, my good woman," said he; "you ought to have seen my master, the bold Count of Selteneck! Ha! to see Count Hugo on his coal-black charger, with its scarlet saddle-cloth, and the bright blue scarf upon his noble breast,—that was a sight indeed! My heart swelled with rapture and delight, for I had borne him in my arms when he was a boy, and he had grown up under my own eyes. I had good reason to be proud of him!—and that I was; almost as proud as my mistress, who certainly could not love him more than I did. Near Count Hugo's castle lived a pious hermit, who talked to him so much of the oppression of the Christians in Jerusalem, that the count held it for a sin and a shame to stay quietly at home while his Christian brethren in Palestine were enduring such bitter struggles. And he was right; but it would have been better to have awaited the emperor's call, and then to have added his little band to the army led by the emperor himself to Palestine. But no; Count Hugo was devoured by impatience; he must go to the Holy Land, in spite of Lady Giselá's prayers. But my lord said to me, 'Hubert, I leave you to

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guard the castle. Be watchful; I trust my wife and child to you!' I obeyed; but my heart was far away when I saw our retainers with their waving banners depart. I comforted Lady Gisela, and dandled her boy like an old woman,— I, who had seen so many battles, and received so many wounds! Yes, our life was sad indeed! But it became ever more sad as we heard no news from the count; as moon after moon passed by without a token of his being still alive; as Lady Gisela became paler and more pale, and the bitter tears were never dried within her beautiful eyes. Then my heart broke, and even Ottomar's caresses — my master's son — could not console me. The last information we could obtain of the knight and his followers was from Italy; and rumor said that many ships had been captured on the Italian coast by pirates, and carried off to Algiers. How this may be, God only knows! But Lady Gisela could find no repose. She determined to undertake a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and to seek for her husband. I did nothing to dissuade her from this idea, for she was right; and pious women have ever a guardian angel by their side. So says the good father at our castle. Well, we are now on our way; but I am my lady's only companion, all our troopers having departed with the count. And that is bad for Lady Gisela; not because I

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would not willingly shed the last drop of my blood for her. No; I should not think twice of that. But I am old, and the lady too delicate to travel alone, if the Lord should please to call me away. You see, it is no little matter to journey by day and night over the long, weary way, beset with dangers, which lies between us and the sea. I could tell you many a tale; and, if my scars could speak, they could teach you much concerning those rascally pirates; for in my youth I went to the promised land, and made acquaintance with their rough fists. And now go to sleep, good old woman; and you, young lad, whose powerful limbs were made for something better than sitting all day in a rocking-boat, or on the soft grass by the river-side, God bless you!"

The old man stretched himself upon the wooden bench before the fire; but, ere he closed his eyes, Frau Malena asked, "Where is Lady Gisela's child, the lovely little Ottomar?"

"Father Francis, the count's confessor, has taken him under his charge, and the good man will watch him carefully."

Hubert's deep breathing soon announced the soundness of his sleep.

Frau Malena also prepared for rest, but first prayed aloud and fervently for the Lady Gisela and her husband.

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Theodore stood immovable by the hearth, and stared fixedly upon the glimmering ashes. His cheeks glowed, and his lips moved lightly.

"Mother," began he, suddenly, "you do well to pray for the noble lady; but I might assist her with my strength, aid and guide her as Hubert does. For the sake of our blessed lady, do not hinder my accompanying the countess as her squire, her servant, her slave, if need be! I am young and strong, and Hubert old, and not far from the grave, as he himself says. Only think of the gentle lady alone in a strange land! O mother, any harm that might befall her would certainly be upon our consciences!"

Theodore's eyes flashed fire. He raised his right hand above his head, as if he already wielded a glittering sword in her defence.

Frau Malena was silent, as if stunned by excitement and terror. The beads of the rosary rolled swiftly between her fingers. She prayed to Heaven to show her the right. In her pious, simple soul, she felt that Theodore was not wrong; she felt, too, that a bold, true heart would now be of the greatest service to the lady. But all the dangers to which Theodore would be exposed stood clearly before her anxious vision. He was her only child, her greatest happiness on earth.

Theodore's entreaties became more pressing;

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his words more passionate. The mother knew not what to answer. Finally she said,

"Lie down to rest, my child. With God's assistance, I will consider all."

The son obeyed, but found no repose. Strange dreams disturbed his excited mind. Now he thought himself in a raging combat, surrounded by Saracens, with brilliant turbans and golden crescents. Now he heard the loud, victorious cry of the Christian knights, while Count Hugo of Selteneck, with his blue scarf, pranced gayly on his coal-black charger. Between, sounded the words of his beloved song, in light and whispered tones, mingling with all the strange images in his dream. Frau Malena, too, had in her night-visions many a hard struggle. Now she saw Lady Gisela wandering wearied and alone amid the sands, parched by a burning sun; and then she heard her mournful voice, calling first upon Count Hugo, then upon Theodore, for help and aid.

The sun already stood high in the heavens as mother and son awoke. The gray Hubert also soon arose, and recommenced his mischievous jests upon Theodore's youthful strength left to waste in inactivity.

Theodore's eyes sought his mother's; he would have been so glad to have seen in them an ac-

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quiescence with his longing desires; but Frau Malena turned aside, and said nothing.

Lady Gisela now entered, fully equipped for her journey, with the close palmer's hat over her dark hair.

"I thank you, good woman," began she, in a gentle voice. "I thank you and your son, and have yet one favor to ask,— that he will accompany us to the other side of the lake. My companion and I are strangers in this neighborhood, and must certainly have lost our way last evening."

"True, noble lady. The main road lies at some distance from here, and I will willingly be your guide," cried Theodore, quickly. "O, if I could only venture my life for yours — if I could only aid you in your dangerous pilgrimage!"

"You might indeed do so, if duty to your mother did not detain you here," replied she, softly. "Believe me, a true heart and a bold arm can do much."

"Then take him with you, noble lady," said Malena, shuddering; "he will stand by you as an honest, trustworthy servant, and will certainly be useful to you."

"Holloa! That is right, my good old woman!" cried Hubert, heartily shaking hands with Theodore. "Your son is young and brave, and worth much more than such as we."

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Lady Gisela understood perfectly how to soothe the good dame with gentle and thankful words; at least she had done all in her power to serve Count Hugo and the lovely lady.

After a few hours Frau Malena was alone with her tears and her prayers.

We will now follow Lady Gisela and her companions on their journey.

The fisherman Theodore had now become a stately warrior, armed to the teeth, and with a noble bearing.

Hubert instructed the young man in the use of his weapons; and Theodore displayed such strength and skill, that the old man looked upon him full of pride, and no more, as in the beginning, jestingly called him "pretty boy," or "gentle page." No. Hubert now thought him entitled to the appellation of "a man," and proud enough was Theodore of this name.

Lady Gisela continued her journey in her pilgrim's attire. Generally riding, but often on foot, she reached, at length, with her companions, the eastern coast of Italy, and the city of Tarentum, whence Count Hugo had sailed.

All their inquiries concerning him were fruitless. Many yet remembered a handsome young knight, with three silver keys on his escutcheon, and his

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scarf, who had departed many months before with his followers. This undoubtedly was Count Hugo. But nothing further could be discovered; none could answer Lady Gisela's questions.

The three embarked upon the first ship sailing. It was a merchant vessel bound to Constantinople. This was their first destination, for there they hoped to find some traces of the lost one.

The ship was laden with costly wares, which the captain hoped to sell for a good price in the market of Constantinople. But, because of the rich cargo of jewels, much was to be feared from the pirates swarming in the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas, and the sailors were well armed and upon their guard.

The sad lady often sat for hours upon the deck, gazing silently down into the water. All her thoughts and prayers were turned towards the one hope — the delivery of her husband.

The evening was stormy. The waves dashed high against the ship; the wind groaned piteously amid the stout cordage, and the strange cry of the sea-gull fell upon the ear of the mournful lady.

All was in full activity on board the ship; the captain stood amid his busy men, ordering and directing, and his excited tone showed that he believed the danger imminent.

And so indeed it was. In spite of all the exer-

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tions of the crew, it seemed scarcely possible to preserve the ship from the storm, which now broke with the greatest fury. The waves bore the helpless vessel mountain high upon their foaming backs, then flung it down into the black abyss, which, howling and awaiting its prey, opened wide its yawning jaws. All guidance was impossible; the ship rocked above the fearful depths, entirely at the mercy of the storm.

Sighs and prayers issued from many an anxious breast, but took no form of words, for the storm permitted no other sound to be heard save its own fearful voice. Lady Gisela knelt in her little chamber, and prayed so warmly and fervently to God, that, notwithstanding the storm and the night, her pious heart was filled with peace and trust.

Hubert and Theodore assisted the sailors, but even they were soon obliged to desist from their labors, for the raging waves dashed continually over the deck, threatening destruction to all upon it.

"Bind yourselves fast, and pray to our blessed lady for protection!" cried the captain, with an almost superhuman exertion; but in vain — his voice was unheard amid the storm.

The night wore on. No star, no mild ray of moonlight, pierced the thick darkness brooding over the deep.

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The crew no longer strove to avert their fate, and ceased from their apparently fruitless exertions.

Suddenly a fearful crash was heard, and the ship shook from stem to stern. "We are fast upon a sand-bank!" cried the captain. Courage and activity returned with his voice; for now must the greatest judgment be employed, or all would be lost.

Again and again were the orders of the captain heard above the howling of the storm; the sailors awoke from their lethargy, and soon were all busily engaged. Hour after hour passed away, and day dawned in the east, when a slight movement, a rocking of the vessel, showed that they had been successful in moving it from its dangerous position.

The angry waves seemed ashamed of displaying so fierce a mien to the mild daylight, for they began slowly to ebb and recede; the loud voice of the hurricane gradually softened, and the wind now sported playfully with the tattered sails, so lately threatened with its sternest wrath.

"We are saved, noble lady!" cried Theodore's clear voice to Lady Gisela, "saved from a most fearful danger!"

"And your follower there behaved bravely!" exclaimed the captain. "Truly, my son, one would scarcely think you were a land rat."

"Well, that he can hardly be called," laughed

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Hubert, addressing himself to the smoothing of his disordered moustache. "He has already made acquaintance with many a noble pike and shining eel, for often for days together they were his only companions!"

"Is the ship much injured?" asked Gisela.

"A long voyage would be impossible, noble lady; but we are fortunately near the southern coast of Greece, where we may obtain assistance."

This seemed really to be the case, for a narrow streak could be discerned along the horizon, which might readily be taken for land.

"Holloa, captain!" cried the watchman from the mainmast, "a ship is nearing that seems to have suffered less from the storm than we, for it bears down on us rapidly."

The captain was not long deceived. The strange vessel, with its full sails and red flag, was doubtless a pirate, and intended no good.

"Now we shall have work, my lads!" cried the captain, ready for the combat. He gave his orders quickly.

"Don't be alarmed — it is only a corvette!" said Hubert, cheerfully.

"But a devilish fast sailer!" returned a tar, securing sword and dagger in his belt.

"And uninjured!" added another.

"Now for it, my lad!" laughed Hubert, shak-

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ing hands with Theodore, and looking so confidently into the young man's gleaming eyes, that one could well see he had no doubt of his pupil's courage and skill.

No lamentation was heard from Lady Gisela. She was prepared for danger, and too considerate to embitter it by useless complaints.

Rapidly as the pirate ship had approached, all was yet in readiness for a warm reception. There was no comparison between the vessels; the pirate was unharmed, of light construction, and most rapid in all its movements. It had passed the night in a sheltered harbor, while the merchantman's broken masts and rent cordage told a sad tale of the long night's conflict with the wind and waves. The voice of the pirate captain was heard through his speaking-trumpet, calling upon our friends to "yield."

"Never, accursed Turk!" responded Hubert, with a voice which, notwithstanding the distance, reached him through the stillness of the morning. The captain and his men replied by a shower of arrows, which rather surprised the enemy. The ships, meanwhile, had come to close quarters, and the bright sun shone upon the decks, enlightening a strange picture.

The Turks, arrayed in brilliant colors, bore golden crescents in their scarlet turbans, and

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fought under a waving flag of the same dazzling hue. Their dark eyes glowed with avarice and eagerness, and seemed almost to pierce the wooden walls concealing the heaped-up caskets containing the precious jewels. The Christians stood quietly and collectedly under their streaming white ensign, around which fluttered the loose and broken cordage. In simple dress, with uncovered heads, they stood boldly on the fore part of the vessel, steadfastly returning volley for volley. Among them were some pilgrims in dark robes with a white cross upon the shoulder, called by a pious duty to Jerusalem, and now ready to encounter the enemies of their faith, their lives, and their property.

"Holloa, Theodore! take aim at that tall giant with the red girdle and the nodding heron plume; he is the leader," said Hubert, in a low voice to his pupil. "You have a practised eye, and certainly will not fail him!" Theodore bent his bow, the arrow whistled through the air, and sank deeply into the giant's hand. He was wounded, it is true, but not disabled from the combat, and his wrath and fury were only redoubled.

"Throw the anchor into that cursed ship!" cried the Turk to his men; and in an instant a heavy, twisted cable, bearing at its end a long iron hook, fell upon the deck of the merchantman.

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The hook grappled fast the wood-work of the deck; the pirates pulled upon the other end, and soon were the ships so near that the conflict could be decided sword in hand.

"Allah il Allah!" (God is great.) With this cry the pirates, many in number, sprang upon the broad deck of the merchantman, and attacked the Christians with their crooked sabres wielded by powerful hands.

A fierce struggle ensued, and victory seemed long to waver. The pirates were more practised in combat, for it was their trade, the sailors only using arms in self-defence. But the hot-blooded Turks overlooked in their wild passion many an advantage made use of by the more collected Christians, and thus was the conflict long protracted.

"Holloa, Goliath, you are mine!" cried Hubert, in his loud, clear voice, while a couple of thrusts at the pirate captain accompanied the words. The latter, whose left hand had been wounded by Theodore, turned, snorting like a wild boar, upon the hardy German, and swung his crooked sword so skilfully, that the old man's helmet was split to its base, and fell clattering upon the deck.

Hubert's head was uncovered, and with a faint cry he let his right arm sink wounded and power-

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less by his side. He seemed lost, when Theodore sprang forward, and seized the giant from behind. He turned, and, recognizing in the young man him who had injured his left hand, now employed against him his deadly weapon.

Theodore was younger and more powerful, but not so much accustomed to the use of arms as his embittered antagonist.

Lady Gisela gazed breathlessly upon the combatants, who stood with gleaming eyes furiously dealing blow after blow.

"Yield, you unbelieving slave!" cried the Turk, preparing for a most fearful stroke.

Theodore's elastic limbs rapidly glided from beneath the threatening sword, and thus did he escape the almost certain death. Quick and lithe as a serpent, he sprang behind the Turk, embraced his tall figure, and strove to bear him to the earth. In vain; the powerful Oriental only bent slightly at the knees, then stood once again firm as before.

Now began a despairing struggle, in which both, sword and sabre 'twixt their teeth, displayed great strength and skill. The other combatants had, meanwhile, withdrawn towards the other side of the vessel; the pair were nearly alone, with the exception of Lady Gisela and some women, who knelt, and wept, and prayed to the Saviour to give the victory to the bearer of the cross.

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At this moment the infidel's turban rolled to his feet, leaving the head of the enemy exposed to the exhausted Theodore. He clasped the right hand of the giant with his left, and directed so fell a stroke upon his uncovered brow, that the Turk fell lifeless upon the deck.

The downfall of the pirate captain sent a panic through the hearts of his followers. With loud yells they betook themselves to flight, and sought to regain their ship, partly by swimming, partly by means of the floating timber. Many found death, but the greater number reached their vessel, and, before the heavy merchantman could have prepared for the pursuit, the swift-sailing corvette was afloat, and had gained so great an advantage that to follow would have been madness.

No one, besides, had any desire for the renewal of the combat, for the Christian band had had its share of suffering. The true-hearted Hubert lay in the death-struggle, and near him knelt Lady Gisela and Theodore, striving to soothe him by word and deed.

"I thank you, noble lady, for your gentle consolation," said he, in a low, feeble voice. "Farewell! and when you see my lord, Count Hugo, remember me to him, and tell him I was true to him till death, as beseemed a trusty squire."

Lady Gisela could only answer by a pressure

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of the hand, so sore and troubled was her heart. Theodore raised his right hand, and promised solemnly that, if possible, he would execute the last wishes of the dying man.

"I know you will keep your word," continued Hubert, with difficulty, "for you are true as gold, and bear an honest German heart in your bosom. Heaven itself selected you as a guide and protector for Lady Gisela, and I ought to die content."

These were Hubert's last words.

The south coast of Greece was soon reached. The dead were here buried, and even the Turks found a last resting-place. The ship was repaired, and the voyage again continued without further adventures to Constantinople.

Only a few days before had the last remnants of the Emperor Frederick's army left Constantinople, and the greatest excitement and most bitter hate reigned between the various parties.

Quietly and unobserved, the Lady Gisela, with her sole companion, reached a retired caravansary, and thence began their researches.

But no one had seen Count Hugo's escutcheon; no one remembered the three silver keys on the azure ground as displayed upon his shield. In vain did the lady wander with her attendant through all parts of Constantinople; nothing appeared to cheer them with hope, or strengthen their courage.

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"We must go to Palestine, noble lady," said the faithful Theodore to his mistress; but she could not decide upon leaving Constantinople; some inner voice seemed to warn her to remain.

One afternoon, as Theodore walked through a lonely street, he stopped finally, wearied, before a shoemaker's wooden shop, whose master sat by his open door and mended shoes.

He was an old man, with a good-natured countenance and intelligent eyes; he seemed quite happy and cheerful, for he worked to the measure of a lively song.

"So very busy?" asked Theodore, looking with interest upon the house lying opposite, which presented a singular contrast to the miserable little shop.

"Can you tell me, my friend, who dwells in that beautiful palace, surrounded by such rich gardens?"

The old man nodded pleasantly to the young soldier, and answered friendlily, "Who could know that better than I, sir, as I have lived here nearly fifty years? That is the palace of one of his Greek Majesty's officers, who has a real paradise behind his high walls."

"So!" replied Theodore, absently and laconically, for his thoughts were wandering with his looks within the high gates of iron lattice-work

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which, strongly locked, bound together the massive walls. He saw behind the lattice beautiful southern plants with many-colored flowers, amid which glittered a clear fountain, and, in the distance, a building surrounded by white marble pillars.

"Ha! ha! does that please you, my fine sir?" laughed Mustapha, the shoemaker. "Yes, yes, young people like you think that peace and joy must dwell yonder; but I tell you, you need only wait a few moments, and you will learn that not alone happy hearts beat there."

"And how so?" asked Theodore.

"You see, the rich lord there holds many slaves, often people from foreign lands, who are truly not to be envied. One can see many a fine gentleman in there in his slave's dress. Only look through the lattice, and you will see how pale and weary they look; and when one of them, a young, noble-looking gentleman, sings his song in the evening, pining for his home, then, indeed, my hearts bleeds. Listen; you can hear him now."

And Theodore heard the following mournful words sung in a suppressed voice:

"By the Rhine's green vine-clad strand
Lies my much-loved fatherland!
Where the blue waves brightly shine
Once the greatest bliss was mine!

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Freedom, love, with peace and rest,
Bloomed within my castled nest!
That castle by the rocky shore
May Count Hugo see no more!"

The song closed in faint, sad tones; but, ere it was quite ended, Theodore stood with a beating heart by the iron gate, and scanned the garden with most searching looks.

He had not long watched when he perceived a young man quite near him, habited in a slave's tunic, and employed in watering the fragrant flowers and uprooting the weeds. It must certainly be the Knight of Selteneck. Every feature corresponded with the picture which the faithful Hubert had so often drawn of his handsome face.

Theodore sang, in a low and trembling voice,

"When sinks the night
In gray bedight,
Then look for me!
Thy fatherland,
The Rhine's green strand,
Once more thou 'lt see,
Thy guide am I,
The time is nigh!"

Count Hugo raised his head, and scarcely were the last words uttered, when he stood by the iron lattice, and asked, in a suppressed voice,

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"Most strange unknown! what will you with me?"

"I am come to rescue you, Hugo of Selteneck! Your true wife, Lady Gisela, is here to seek and save you."

The count's eyes glowed, the pale cheeks flushed with hope, and he was again as handsome and blooming as Hubert had pictured him.

"Take this dagger, my lord," continued Theodore, rapidly, skilfully slipping the shining steel through the lattice into Count Hugo's wide sleeve, "and be here at midnight. I will try to fasten a rope-ladder to the wall, and await you with trusty steeds."

Ere Count Hugo could reply, the slave-master approached, and, with angry mien and rude words, harshly commanded the knight to return to his labor. The dark brows of the noble lord, accustomed only to command, were hastily knit; he retained sufficient prudence to be silent and submit.

Theodore returned with a joyful heart, and greeted smilingly Mustapha's little shop, which was now closed, the shoemaker having disappeared.

At midnight, darkness overspread the earth, and sheltered with her dusky veil the faithful Theodore and his companion, who, crouching by the wall, awaited the count's approach. Lady Gisela could scarcely breathe; fear and hope alternated in the

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sad heart of the noble-souled woman, who could not have survived another disappointment.

Theodore had fastened a strong hook to one end of the rope-ladder, and had then thrown it over the wall. The random aim proved successful; the hook had fastened in the wood-work of a vine trellis, and the ladder was steady and secure. The first stroke of the midnight bell resounded through the lonely street; Lady Gisela's heart throbbed fast, for now was the decisive moment. .

But no! The bell had long ceased; moment after moment had flown, and yet no sound from the garden.

Gisela folded her hands, and looked despairingly out into the gloom; her longing was vain, for no knight appeared.

So passed one hour of anxious, almost hopeless, waiting, when they heard above loud voices cursing, and the furious barking of a dog.

"He is lost!" groaned the unhappy lady, while Theodore's heart stood still through alarm and anxiety.

At this moment a dark figure appeared at the top of the wall, and flung itself swiftly and lightly down the ladder.

"Gisela!" said, faintly, a well-known voice, and the true wife rested in her husband's arms.

"On, on!" implored Theodore, who saw

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through the lattice dark forms, with lanterns, seeking and storming.

"Open the gate, he cannot be far!" cried the leader of the band; and the heavy bolts were heard to creak.

"On, on!" again warned the thoughtful Theodore, hastening forward with the pair. But the iron gate swung back upon its hinges, and flight was impossible.

A most happy thought occurred to the young fisherman. They stood just before Mustapha's unpretending shop, and, with a powerful stroke of his muscular arm, Theodore snapped the feeble bolt. Count Hugo and Lady Gisela slipped within; Theodore followed, and closed the door behind them.

A moment more, and it would have been too late, for the band in pursuit passed by immediately after, affrighting the night with horrible sounds, and seeking in the distance what was so near at hand, but protected by a higher power.

And the three were really safe and free. They did not immediately return to Germany, but made first a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, there to thank Heaven for Count Hugo's rescue.

Lady Gisela had divined rightly. The knight had been overpowered by a superior force, and carried a captive to Constantinople, where he and

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many of his followers had been sold as slaves. Some had fallen in the combat; others had succeeded in escaping from Constantinople, and had joined the Emperor Frederick's army, where they afterwards again met their lord.

The renowned warrior to whom Count Hugo had been sold divined his high rank and his bold heart, and held him in a strong dungeon until the Emperor Frederick had left Constantinople. Only a few days before Theodore and Lady Gisela's arrival, had he been placed in the garden, with other slaves, to perform the needful labors. Count Hugo and Theodore joined the crusaders in Palestine, and both names were gloriously mentioned after the victorious battle of Iconium. What the honest Mustapha may have said when, on the next morning, he found his shop broken into and disarranged, cannot be known; but we may conclude he was consoled by the shining gold pieces which glittered in one of his old shoes.

I wish, my dear reader, with all my heart, that you could have seen Frau Malena's beaming eyes, when, during the next year, they rested upon an approaching band of returning crusaders. Among them were Count Hugo and Lady Gisela. But her mother's heart told her that he who rode behind, armed with lance and dagger, pride in his

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mien, and joy in his eyes, was her own dearly loved Theodore.

Theodore followed the count to Selteneck as his most faithful squire. Frau Marina, too, exchanged her cottage for a better near the count's castle. He, with Lady Gisela, ever most thankfully remembered her self-sacrificing devotion. That Hubert had not been forgotten was shown by the monument erected to him, and which, but a short time since, might have been seen on the bank of the Rhine.

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